

bondage life

NUMBER FORTY TWO • \$10.00

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY "LOVE BONDAGE" PEOPLE



ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER. FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY.

*The restraints bring a sense of closeness —
the bound partner surrendering independence, giving trust,
the binder exhibiting caring concern
and responsibility for the other.*

In Our Own Words

Readers Describe Love Bondage

*Love Bondage is an adult version
of a venerable childhood game,
complete with drama,
excitement, and reward for the participants.*

*Love Bondage is a gentle way
of restraining your partner physically,
to enhance foreplay and increase arousal.*

*Love Bondage is
a role-playing adventure game for adults,
the object of which is mutual pleasure.*

*The greatest gift one can give a partner
is to trust them enough to wear their bonds;
giving and receiving that gift
are both powerful turn-ons.*

*Love Bondage permits role-playing,
but does not travel outside the boundary
of mutual enjoyment and pleasure, EVER.*

*Love Bondage allows
one partner to feel the excitement
of owning and controlling his/her partner,
while the other receives the excitement
of giving up control;
both in the context of mutually agreed-to limits
and safety conventions.*

*Love Bondage: two consenting adults
receive mutual gratification
through the process of one tying the other up,
whether for the purposes of fantasy, sex,
or the act itself, or a combination thereof.*

*Love Bondage is
a very sensual and passionate form of foreplay
that comes from very deep emotions,
which you would only want to share
with someone you love, trust, and respect.*

*Love Bondage is the ultimate in intimacy.
It is based purely on love, trust, and understanding.*

*Love Bondage:
Two consenting adults
acting out their fantasies
for mutual pleasure.*

*Love Bondage is
by definition
consensual and mutually pleasurable.*

*Love Bondage is
the gentle, tender use of restraint
to enliven an erotic fantasy and strengthen trust.*



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THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE LOVERS
 NUMBER FORTY TWO • NOVEMBER 1990

bondage life

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The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship, and without an alert partner.

Records pursuant to law are in the custody of Donald B. Smith, Custodian of Records, 13005 Victory Blvd., C-70, North Hollywood, California 91606. All models are 18 years of age or older — proof on file — adults only.

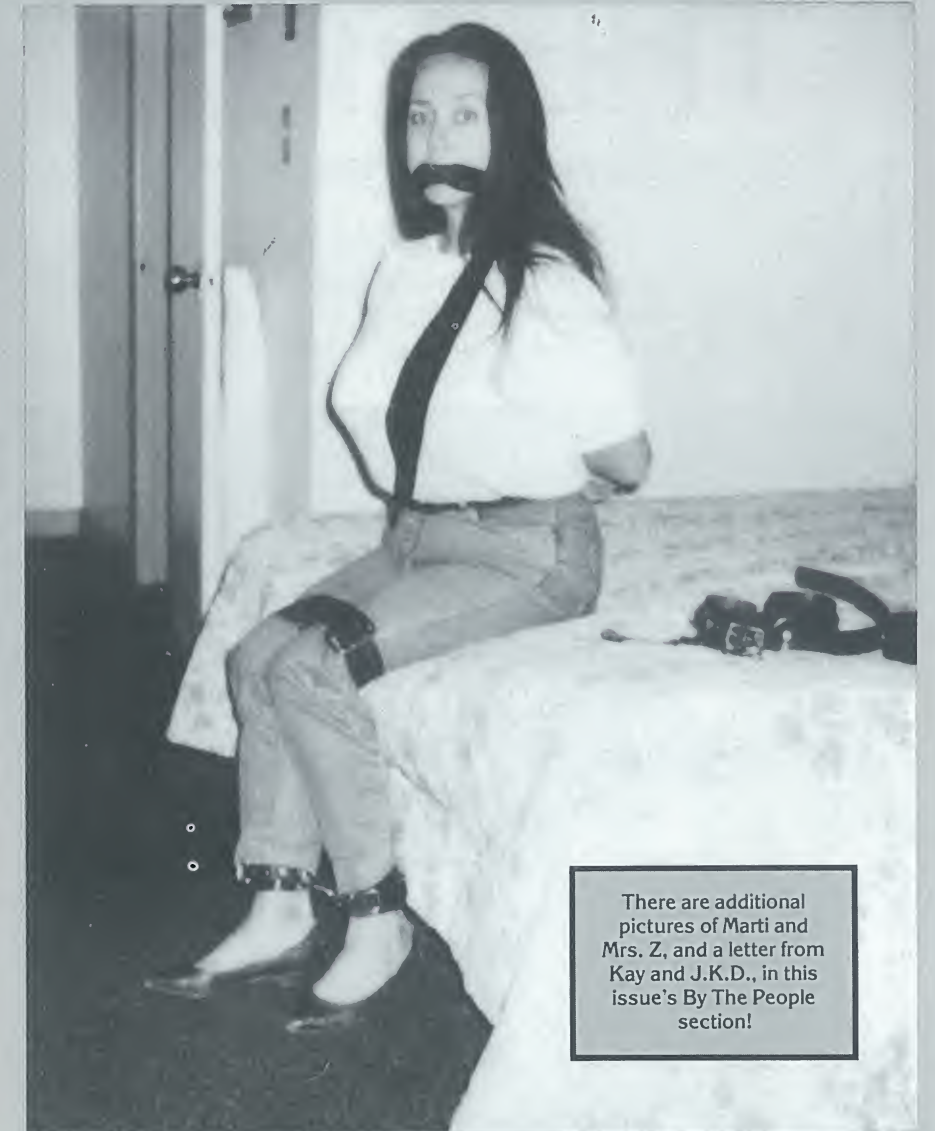
A WARM WELCOME TO OUR NEW PHOTO FRIENDS



KAY and her partner "J.K.D." are usually fans of nude bondage.



MARTI and Bill show off a semi-oriental touch.



There are additional pictures of Marti and Mrs. Z, and a letter from Kay and J.K.D., in this issue's By The People section!

MRS. Z wrote us a long letter published in *Bondage Parade* 36; not only is she a lovely writer, but she's also a lovely lady!



VICTORIA and Paul sent these photos to introduce themselves to fellow Harmonizers.

KIRI & VOLCANE....

THE FIRST TIME

"How will I know you?" I foolishly asked. "Oh, don't worry, you'll know me!" she said with a grin in her voice. We met in a small western town. A sleek black car zipped past... a flash of blonde

hair, a bright smile, a long purple scarf floating in the wind. She was right. I just couldn't miss Kiri Kelly.



Our time was short, only a few hours... gives new meaning to the word frustration. We settled in a cafe, food and drink ordered and I could finally sit back and take in the real Kiri. She rested her elbows on the table, pulled back her sweater's sleeves to reveal two identical purple scarves wrapped and wrapped around each wrist to form a cuff. All one would have to do is loop another scarf through the cuff and... Oh, my, yes, Kiri Kelly had arrived!!

It was wonderful talking to Kiri. Very seldom can you sit down with a woman you've known for 30 seconds and get right into a bondage discussion, I mean a bound, gagged, hog-tied, spankin'-good bondage talk. I wish I could have tied time down because it was getting away from us. The idea of letting this special woman go without any photographs gave a new meaning to the word frustration.

We looked at each other. This was a historic inn. Upstairs were historic rooms. We were making history. It was perfect. We approached the innkeeper about documenting his historic rooms. He proudly showed us around. We chose a room with a bed that had historic posts and a most interesting historic chair and beautiful historical light coming through the window. So what if it overlooked the main street. I did not know of Kiri's playful exhibitionist tendencies at the time...



I just so happened to have a few silk scarves with me (never leave home without them), and with Kiri's wrist scarves we were in bondage business. The challenge came from doing a secure bondage with only a handful of scarves. We started with the bedpost.

I love Kiri's flirtatious looks in this series. The girl is having fun!



The little dressing table chair was perfect. Seated backwards, Kiri's arms went through the two openings in the chair back, with one scarf tying her hands to her feet. We could make a silk halter and skirt, with scarves left over for a nice, full scarf-gag.

We did another one-scarf tie on the bed. Kiri sat cross-legged while I pulled her arms through her bent legs. Normally, with wrists tied in front of the feet, the bondage is secure. I

reckoned not with Ms. Kelly's flexibility. As I turned around from reloading the camera, Kiri was sitting straight up — with as impish a grin as her gag would allow — dangling the scarf from her fingertips. Score one for Kelly. Time for Plan B. The scarf was long enough to tie her ankles first, then her wrists. Wriggle though she might, Kiri stayed securely bound. Score one for Volcane. Actually, it was probably score two for Kelly.

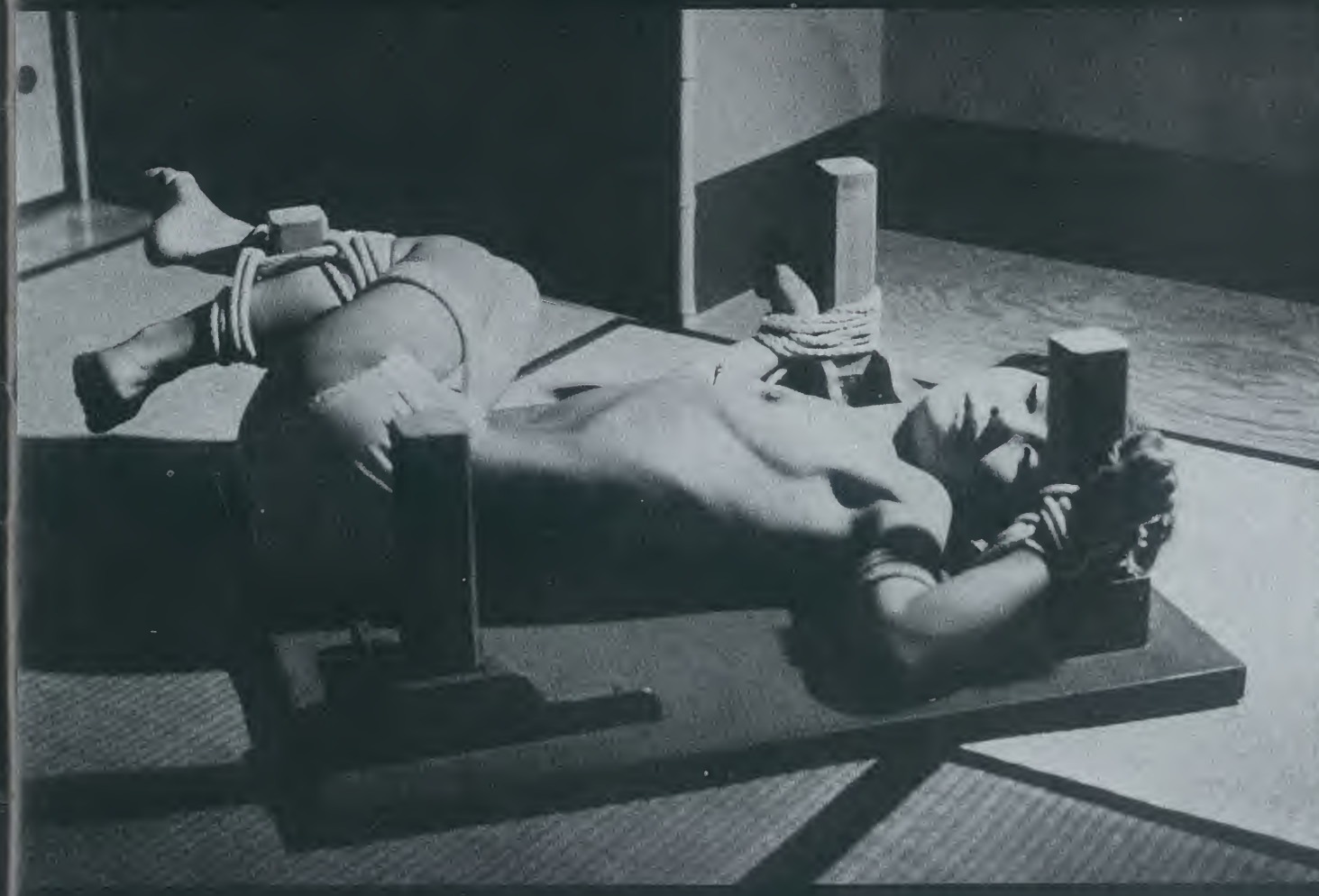
THE FIRST TIME



The tactile sensuality of silk scarves is an organic element in their use for bondage. We finished our photography with a "relaxation" exercise, Kiri becoming intimately acquainted with the heavy silk satin scarf that had been her gag for much of the afternoon. Delicious!!

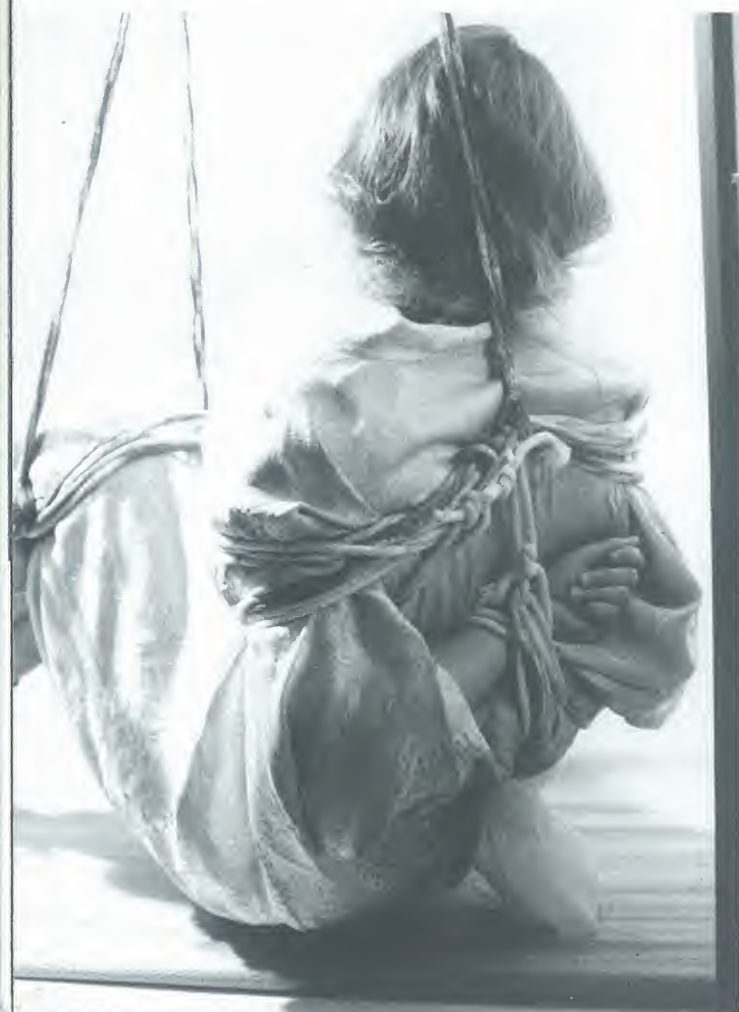
— Richard Volcane

TEN YEARS BEFORE HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS . . .



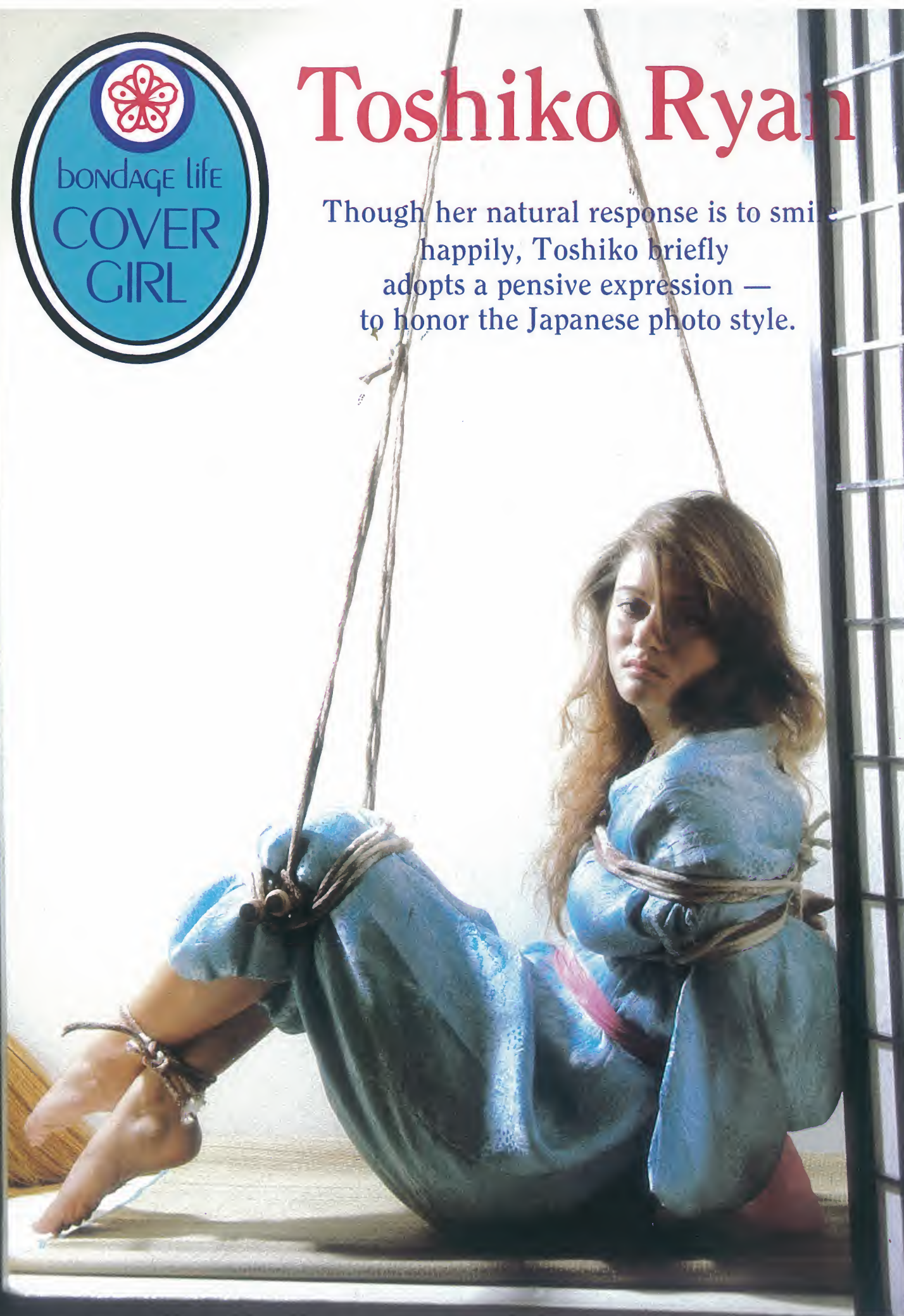
We recently received three Japanese photo-books from J.G. of California. These images are over 20 years old; it's interesting how some seem Harmony-like. It appears that Love Bondage is timeless . . .

(Regrettably, publisher's credit was not available in the books.)



Toshiko Ryan

Though her natural response is to smile happily, Toshiko briefly adopts a pensive expression — to honor the Japanese photo style.





photos by Kristine Imboch



TIELINES

The Subject Is Bondage

By Kristine Imboch

SAY IT AIN'T SO! Last issue we failed to give author's credit to the creator of "Under Her Command"! The mesmerizing male-in-bondage story was written by Aritne, who was also featured in the Bound For Controversy section, showing off his great self-suspension trick For those of you desperately seeking Franco Sautelli's fantastic "La Bionda" books, we've finally gotten an address stapled down! See page 20! WE'RE NOT TICKLED . . . At the request of a viewer, we recently released our first full-tickling bondage video, "Ticklish" (TK-1). Some folks who'd never ordered a Harmony video came out of the woodwork to buy TK-1. Great! Now the bad news. TK-1's release coincided with an audio crisis — we unknowingly mailed many videotapes which had



FOR WINDOW SHOPPERS — This striking photo of a Wako Department Store window is from marketing article "The Glitz and Glamour of the Depaato," *Business Tokyo*, July 1990.

been manufactured with substandard sound. Our usual customers knew something was wrong and asked us for replacements, but we're sending out a signal to any stragglers we've missed: if you got *any* tape in August that had weird audio, *please* let us know! Jay Edwards says his developing lab has an all-female staff. They don't seem to be taken aback by his photos **TURNING JAPANESE** — Oriental bondage has been inspiring *everyone* lately. Of course, our cover girl had an appearance that begged for it; but Whitney Prescott had a special glow of her own in the Japanese tie that Tarsis wove for her — so if you do love that style, look at his photoset in *Bondage Gallery 14*, which also had a great article on oriental bondage art Now, a little something about our cover girl Toshiko Ryan, for those of you who have been waiting patiently for a Japanese model. As you can tell from her name and her hair color, she is one-half oriental. She is energetic and outgoing, and is gifted with great stamina for bondage-modeling. If you want to see more of Toshiko, be sure to write and let us know, so we can "capture" her on film for you again A May 1990 "Miss Manners" advice column began with an interesting letter: two women were burglarized and left bound and gagged in the kitchen. The writer was angry because when her husband got home, he untied the other woman first. Miss Manners responded that one should untie the

nearest person first. As entertaining as this is, it's merely an American folk tale; this story was also the focus of a Dear Abby letter in 1976 **SPANDEX LOVERS:** we have a photoset of John Floyd's red arm and leg sheath set, coming out next month in *Love Bondage 2!* Recently a news magazine, referring to a video, identified its contents as "soft bondage." That term isn't used very often, but it's nice that some reporters perceive and describe specifically benevolent bondage activities A policewoman friend mentioned to us that the problem with Flexicuffs is that you can escape: you simply rub them against a shoelace until the heat melts the plastic. It sounds like Flexicuffs would be a good item for self-bondage, since it's always important to be able to get free **SAVE OUR RESOURCES!** Many of you come to crossroads — a partnership with a non-bondager, or a desire to become a "new person" — and you want your bondage magazines, videos, and photos out of the picture. If you decide, at any time, that you're going to get rid of your bondage collection and disconnect from the Bondage Community, don't just toss everything in the trash can. Please consider donating them to Harmony's library. We'll do what we can to make sure your collection isn't lost to history Here's something to chuckle about, reported by an enthusiast in western Pennsylvania: "On A&E's *An Evening at the Improv*,



O, CHRISTMAS TREE! Who wrapped you up like that? This bound and gagged evergreen is John Floyd's message of cheer.

there are some subtle reminders that we [bondagers] are respected. In one episode, comedian Steve Bruner told about a gift he got at his bachelor party — something called "Bedroom Bondage for Beginners" (allegedly purchased in San Francisco). The contents include a Nerf whip and Silly-putty handcuffs On another episode, comedienne Wendy Cabanaugh talked about her husband — a sports fan — and her efforts to keep the 'spark' in her marriage . . . 'When I got home from Phoenix I decided I was going to do something . . . you know . . . a little kinky. I asked my husband to tie me up.' (Positive audience approval.) 'And he did and I really liked it, so I asked him to torture me. He put on Monday Night Football and left the room for three hours.' **PHOTO DEVELOPING** — It's easy! Just clearly write your name and return address on both the **ENVELOPE** and the **FILM CANISTER** (35mm film only) and send it to Harmony Communications, P.O. Box 69976, Los Angeles, CA 90069. If you let us put a few

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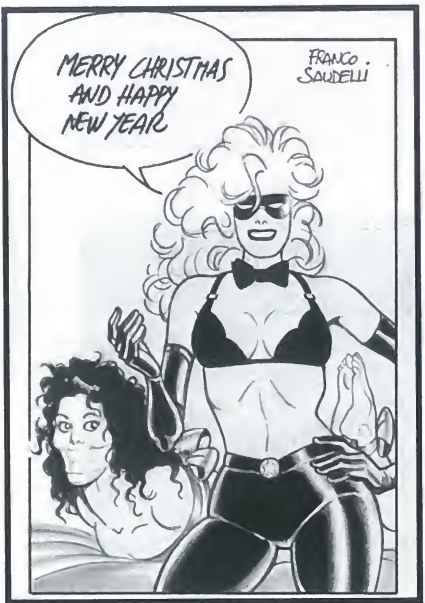
WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR — Rope Massage, for "relaxing the high tension areas . . ." By Welcome Industrial Corp./Mighty Tact, Ltd.



CAN YOU FIND THE DAMSEL IN THIS PICTURE — We'd like to thank everyone who sent us cards last Christmas. This one arrived looking perfectly normal, but it inspired Brian Tarsis to add something special. (Card © Burgoyne, Inc.)

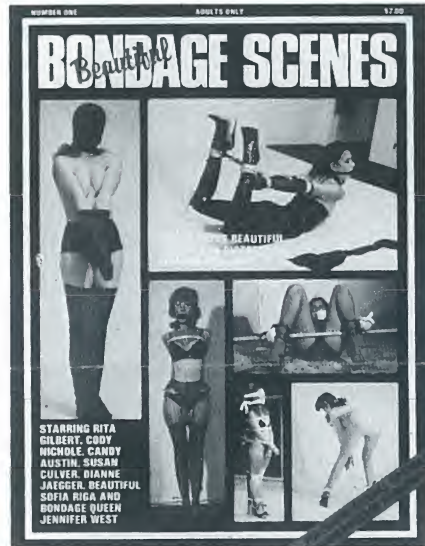
of your pictures in *Bondage Life*, your set of prints is free! From a roving reporter in New York: "Traveling ahead of my car was a sedan with the license plate **SLAVE 1**. Of course, I just *had* to see who was driving! Upon pulling abreast of the car, I viewed — to my astonishment — that the driver was a well-dressed gentleman appearing to be in his mid-70's." OOPS — Last issue's "Dressing for Pleasure" report had two photos switched, but we're sure you figured that out Last issue, Jay Edwards was asking if anyone could recommend a place to buy rubber balls. A reader in upstate New York says that at K-Mart he buys 2-inch red rubber balls (\$1.97) and thin belts (\$4.00) to make inexpensive but effective ball-gags ART LOVERS, please note that SMS, creator of our "Connections — The Art of the Possible" feature, has a new zip code A few of our video-buyers have accidentally taped over their *Harmony* videos, and one suggested that we pop out the record-tab before mailing. We don't plan to start doing that, since many

viewers like to add other bondage scenes on to the ends of their *Harmony* tapes, but if *you* don't plan to, take a moment to remove that tab so you don't wind up erasing your favorite videos! Several readers mailed in copies of the controversial "Doonesbury" comic strip which showed an interpretive performance by an artist clothed only in rope and a bucket over her head. Though she was not exactly in bondage, it was still fun to observe her daily struggle for artistic freedom AW SHUCKS! We received some wild Polaroids from Germany, showing both male and female bondage, with red rope, and several *wow* positions, including a suspended hogtie. *Please*, friends, send us model releases or a return address! Current word on legal proceedings: the State Senate in New Jersey has approved the bill that would prohibit people from possessing handcuffs unless they can prove a legitimate reason for owning them. (Do you suppose our personal happiness would be a legitimate reason?) At this writing, the bill is now in Assembly



SEASON'S GREETINGS — Who wouldn't be pleased to receive a card like this from bondage artist Franco Saudelli?

Tum te dum . . . well, here's another stack of mail, guess I'll see what we have here . . . OH WOW! LOOK AT THIS GREAT PHOTO FROM — uh oh — what newspaper is this from? Don't our readers know it isn't proper for me to quote sources without giving due credit? Please, helpful masses, when you send a clipping or photograph, we need to know what publication it is, and the publication date Here's some wonderful copy from "The



TEN YEARS AGO TODAY — *Harmony's* mail bulletin for November 1980 released *Beautiful Bondage Scenes I!* *Harmony's Scenes* displayed spandex hoods, bent-over poses, blindfolds, leotards, and high-heeled boots. Over the years *Scenes* changed with the times, eventually evolving into a special title featuring *Harmony* videos.

BONDAGE IS STILL "MAKING TRACKS"



Cover of *The Economist*, February 14, 1986



Cover of *Forbes*, August 6, 1990

Bonding Market," *The New York Times Magazine*, June 24, 1990: "Bonding was first emphasized in the late 1950's. Early studies of the attachment process spoke of *imprinting* — as adult birds imprint their behavior patterns on chicks — and this needful knowledge grows as the newborn attaches to its own species. Students of human attachment . . . seized upon the word *bonding*. [L. Michael Honaker:] 'Bonding is a relationship in which a person maintains or stores proximity to another individual. Often it involves a tendency to defend that other person, and the attachment is sometimes exclusive or preferential.' The Longman Dictionary of Psychology and Psychiatry defines the term as 'a close attachment, or affiliation . . . present in normal behavior but absent in . . . sociopathic personality.' We couldn't ask for a nicer word to be related to *bondage* ENOUGH ALREADY? Back when I was a mid-western *Harmony* customer, it used to bother me how many *Bondage Life* letters began with praise like "I love *Harmony* magazines" and "thank you" and goopy stuff like that. I thought to myself, "Why do they always print the letters that say those things?" Now that I'm here, and I'm editor, I'm going to let you in on *why*! The truth is, *many* letters we get start that way. Particularly during a reader's first time writing to us, the first thing they want to say is "thanks for being there." It does get repetitive; sometimes I get tempted to cut these praising paragraphs

and print the letter without it. But is that fair to the person who wrote the letter? I guess not Now, we *do* get our share of negative letters. Most of the complaint letters are about specific videos or specific video scenes. We haven't run many of those letters, because a *Bondage Life* full of letters about our videos reads more like a trade-mag or one big long advertisement. It appears that the best way to share these comments is to feature By-The-People "Video Review" articles, so video-minded purchasers can see what's what. If you'd like to see it presented some other way, drop me a line and give some ideas ENDLESS DEFINITIONS — It's interesting how each person responding to Survey #7 had a different way of describing Love Bondage. Even within *Harmony's* own hallowed halls, each of us on staff have differing definitions of Love Bondage. My feeling is that "Love Bondage" denotes the attitude toward the subject — respect, not antipathy, anger, or chauvinism. To me, the term "Love Bondage" reflects *not necessarily* a sexual relationship, but any bondage relationship in which the members are interested in each other's happiness, pleasure, and have a positive regard for the participant. I see from the survey that my definition is atypical "Andy Anonymous" wrote to ask the editor's birthdate. How about if I just tell you I'm a Pisces? That's it for this issue; see you in February! *MMPH!* *MMPH!*

JOIN THE PEOPLE!

Contribute your photos, drawings, and letters to *Harmony*! If you send photos, include the form below.

MODEL RELEASE TO HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

For valuable consideration, I hereby irrevocably consent to and authorize the use and reproduction by you, or anyone authorized by you, of any and all photographs (negative or positive) of me which I have provided to you, for any purpose whatsoever, including general publication, commercial sales, or other distribution, without further compensation to me. All negatives, positives, and/or prints shall constitute your property, completely and solely.

It is my understanding that this material may be used in publications depicting people in bondage related activities. I understand that such activities are not intended to represent harmful or degrading actions but rather as a benevolent mutual diversion between consenting partners. I hereby grant permission for any and all photographs which you have of me to be used in such publications.

I posed for the material covered by this release in full awareness of what I was doing and completely of my own free will, without any undue persuasion, coercion, deception, or misrepresentation by other persons.

I fully understand that my legal name will not be used in any publication and that my name and/or other information will not be released to the public nor any persons or organizations not connected with *Harmony Communications*.

MODEL'S NAME (PRINT) _____

MODEL'S DATE OF BIRTH _____

MODEL'S SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____

WITNESS CERTIFICATION

"On this date _____ I have certified model's date of birth from _____ (fill in type of identification, example "Ohio State Driver's License" or "Iowa State I.D.")

WITNESS (Signed) _____

Send your contributions to *Harmony Communications*,

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BONDAGE IN THE COMICS

By Brian Tarsis



The big news in comic bondage this issue is Franco Saudelli's "BONDAGE PALACE!" It is the second hardbound, full-color book of La Bionda's bondage adventures (the first was titled "Colpo Doppio"), and with luck it won't be the last. Like the first book, it is chock-full of sensational barefoot bondage, rendered with loving care by a man who knows what he likes and has the ability to present it with grace and humor.

Both books are available by mail order from: Comic Art S.R.L., Via Flavio Domiziano 9, 00145 Roma, Italy. Also available from the same address is the next chapter of the "Bondage Palace" story, which has been serialized in black and white in *Comic Art*

Magazine, issues 64, 65, 66 and 67. As you can see, La Bionda's exploits can be thoroughly enjoyable even if you don't read Italian.

The Harmony Philosophy

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good, safe and comforting* even. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes

surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soulmates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS

BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

'Darkman,' 'Total Recall,' 'Handmaid's Tale,' 'Tango and Cash,' Tanya Roberts, and More . . .

READERS' FAVORITES: THE RESULTS ARE IN

Back in Bondage Life 35, readers were asked to let us know about their favorite bondage scenes in movies and television. The response was impressive, and the results are in. There were more TV episodes than films mentioned, which came as a surprise, since TV scenes are generally tamer than the filmic ones. But many TV actresses seem to have a bigger following than their movie counterparts, and one's home may be a more appropriate place to absorb this kind of imagery than would a crowded theater. Whether the growing availability of movies on videotape will shift the balance back to film remains to be seen. Another thing: Our readers have long memories. Although some fairly current movies and TV series rated mentions, some TV shows dated back to the 1950s, and at least one movie to the '30s.

And now (drum roll, cymbal clash) . . . the winners:

Movies

No individual film got more than one vote, so there was no clear favorite. Here, in alphabetical order, are those mentioned:

The Abductors — Second in the Ginger trilogy, starring **Cheri Caffaro** and featuring her and a slew of nameless starlets in tie-ups, some of them topless.

The Amazing Dobermans — With **Barbara Eden**. As one reader put it, "After years of frustration watching 'I Dream of Jeannie,' seeing her finally bound and gagged properly was like a cathartic experience."

Def-Con Four — **Lenore Zann**, **Kate Lynch**, duct tape, and sci-fi brutality.

Eaten Alive — The incomparable **Marilyn Burns**, writhing and moaning on a creaky old bed.

G-Men — **Margaret Lindsay** stashed in the back seat of a car; **James Cagney** to the rescue.

I Cover the Waterfront — Sexy horseplay with **Claudette Colbert** locked into a set of stocks aboard an old prison ship.

Mother's Day — Three ladies all tied up in a Grand Guignol screenplay.

Prince of Pirates — A young,

just-blossoming **Barbara Rush**, tied, gagged, seated on a cask — and irresistible.

Raiders of the Lost Ark — **Karen Allen** as **Marian Ravenwood**, a captive in a desert tent: Indiana Jones hasn't met one like her since then.

Return to Treasure Island — A little-seen cheapie with the sexy



"The Abductors," and bondage pin-up **Caffaro** doing what she does best.



Tiana Pierce, one of the unlucky trio in "Mother's Day."



Beauty over a barrel, stirring a Rush of memories in "Prince of Pirates."

Dawn Addams in a simple wrist tie.

Secret Life of Walter Mitty — **Virginia Mayo** in that chair: Is there anyone out there who hasn't seen this one?

Thoroughly Modern Millie — It never really delivers (nary a rope touches stars **Julie Andrews** or **Mary Tyler Moore**), but for a few seconds in the cellar, it's **White Slavery, Inc.**

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot — A male and female, naked, gagged, and tied face to face: It's almost enough to get us to forgive director **Michael Cimino** for "Heaven's Gate."

TV

Of the winners among the TV episodes and made-for-TV movies, there were two clear favorites, the only ones to rack up more than one mention each: "Terror Among Us," the TV-movie with a climax in which four (count 'em) tied-and-gagged ladies — **Sarah Purcell**, **Kim Lankford**, **Patricia Klous**, and **Tracy Reed** — totally overload our circuits; network TV has a long way to go to top this one. And the "Partners in Crime" episode that had sex symbols **Loni Anderson** and **Lynda Carter** roped up, gagged, and held captive at a health spa. Girl watchers' heaven.

The runners-up, in no particular order:

The Avengers — The episode in

"**D**arkman," the surprise hit of the summer, has a very watchable vignette toward the end featuring **Frances McDormand**, as the title hero's girlfriend, who's kidnapped by an evil industrialist and his goons and carried

which **Tara King (Linda Thorson)** is captured by a gang of criminal clowns. First she's tied to a chair, then locked inside a magician's saw-the-lady-in-half box, tightly gagged throughout. One reader's comment: "Close-up of gagged Tara coming to is my all-time favorite shot." Another reader cast a general vote for "The Avengers" without specifying any episode.

It Takes a Thief — The episode called "A Case of Red Turnips," in which the little-known **Amy Thomson**, wearing a harem-girl outfit, tied hand and foot with a phone cord and gagged with a scarf, writhes across the floor to plug in the phone and call for help. She attained instant TV immortality.

Charlie's Angels — Considering the sexiness of its stars and the many plot possibilities, this series was, overall, something of a disappointment, but it had its moments. One reader cites "Angels on the Run," the episode that had the original trio of **Farrah Fawcett**, **Jaclyn Smith**, and **Kate Jackson** linked together with manacles as they fled a brutal prison farm.

Starsky and Hutch — **Dianne Kay** bound, gagged, and hidden away in an about-to-be-demolished car at a wrecker's yard.

The Rookies — **Lynn Marta**, B&G in an abandoned theater, a sequence that may hold the record for the number of stunning close-ups. (But a reader warns that the whole theater scene is cut from many re-run versions.)

Heather Locklear — Except for **Barbara Eden**, this doll-faced blonde was the only actress to get more than one mention in our readers' poll: In a "Dynasty" show that had her clad in a nightie, tied and gagged and struggling on a bed; and in a two-hour "T.J. Hooker" season premiere in which she and Oriental cutie **Kim Miyori** were trussed up and gagged and trying to stare down a deadly cobra.

S.W.A.T. — Young actresses **Monie Ellis** and **Heather Lowe**, tied in back-to-back chairs, gagged, and tossing their pretty heads.

Vegas — The "Lost Women" epi-

to the top of a skyscraper under construction. She's picturesquely gagged; but the idiots cuff her wrists in front of her, not behind, so that when she's ignored for a second, she can easily ungag herself. As it turns out, there's another narrative reason for cuffing

sode, with **Brit Lind** and a passel of showgirls, all bound and gagged and (thank you) minimally dressed.

Name of the Game — **Gene Barry** immobilizes **Shirley Jones**, after some classic dialogue. He: "Do you have any rope, and tape?" She: "Clothesline . . . Why?" He: "I'm going to tie you up and gag you." She: "That's hardly necessary." He: "Would you get the rope?" And she does.

I Dream of Jeannie — First **Barbara Eden** and two male companions are seen hanging by their wrists in a barn. They sweet-talk one of their captors, **Lisa Gaye**, into releasing them; and, next shot, there she is, dangling in the same predicament, and gagged as well.

Wagon Train — **Myrna Fahey** is roped and gagged and hidden in a wagon by three young boys who want to see her hitched to their father.

Lawman — **Peggie Castle** is kidnapped and spirited off to a lonely house, where she's gagged and tied to a chair.

Cisco Kid — When **Cisco** plays out a charade to convince others he's gone bad, he ties pretty brunette **Anna Navarro** to a chair, gags her, and hides her in a closet.

Flash Gordon — Not the Sam Jones flick or the **Buster Crabbe** serial, this was a one-season series from the '50s; and, according to a reader, it featured one bang-up episode in which **Irene Champlin**, as **Dale Arden**, was tied to a chair at the controls of a space ship and silenced with a



Thomson squirming her way into our hearts on "It Takes a Thief."

her wrists in front: After a mishap (Oops!), as she plummets to what looks like her doom, her handcuffs snag on a jutting bar of steel, breaking her fall and allowing her to dangle there while **Darkman** tries to get to her. Don't think we've ever seen bondage used as

black cloth so some villainous types (in the pay of **Ming the Merciless**, no doubt) can lie in wait for **Flash's** return.



"Angels on the Run" — and not a hair out of place. From left, **Smith**, **Fawcett**, **Jackson**.

The Thin Man — Not the **William Powell-Myrna Loy** film series, this was a 1957-59 TV series with **Peter Lawford** and **Phyllis Kirk** as **Nick** and **Nora Charles**. We never saw it, but one reader cites it as the source of his favorite scene. **Nora** is grabbed by crooks who run a garage. They tie and gag her and stash her in a car, which they raise on a hydraulic lift. When **Nick** arrives, posing as a criminal himself, she attracts his attention, sounding the car's horn by pressing her gagged mouth against it. Still playing the role, he persuades her captors to let him dispose of her himself. Taking custody of her, he makes light of her situation, lowering her gag and asking to examine her teeth, which she bares at him in fury. The gag is replaced. Just then, **Nick's** charade is discovered, and the two try to flee, but **Nora**, in her high heels and with her hands tied behind her, can't move fast enough, and they are captured.

. . . And there's more. The episode sounds absolutely delightful. Let's hope some adventurous cable channel will resurrect "The Thin Man" some day.



McDormand and escort in "Darkman": She'd rather do the rescuing herself, thank you.

a few moments of the darkly sexy **Rachel Ticotin** locked into space-age manacles and, later, strapped into a mind-altering machine; and another few moments of the blondely sexy Sharon Stone trying to wheedle the Austrian Oak into the sack by starting to

shrug out of her leotard, taking a fast couple of wraps around her wrists with her shoulder straps to look mock-helpless, and chirping with a smile, "And if you're worried, you can always tie me up." He: "I didn't know you was kinky dat vay." She: "Maybe it's time you found out." Sadly, we don't. . . . **Victoria Tennant**, the classy British blonde who decorated "War and Remembrance," is a villainess in "The



a lifesaving device before. Miss McDormand, who was nominated for an Academy Award for her part in "Mississippi Burning," is not exactly crazy about the helpless-female quality of her latest role. "...No matter that your character is a rocket scientist or whatever, you still have to play deaf, dumb, and blind about everything," she said in a recent interview. "And in the end you get bound and gagged and then you wait for the guy to come and save you." . . .

"Total Recall," the Arnold Schwarzenegger sci-fi thriller with brains, has



Hatcher and friend in "Tango and Cash": She's ready for the big time.



Das (left) and Kaitan at their posts in "Nightwish."



Baker with her wings clipped in "American Eagle."

Handmaid's Tale," the adaptation of the Margaret Atwood novel about the new subjugation of women in a futuristic, right-wing America. Natasha Richardson and Elizabeth McGovern, two of her unhappy charges, lure her into a boarding-school men's room and do some subjugating of their own: They gag her with tape, blindfold her with a piece of towel, strip her down to

bra and panties, and leave her in a kneeling position, ankles crossed and taped, wrists taped to the wall pipe of a urinal. "I like your panties," McGovern whispers to her as the two girls leave. . . . **Teri Hatcher**, fresh from those two tie-ups on "MacGyver," graduates to the big screen with a lengthy end-of-the-movie T&G scene in "Tango and Cash"; she's up to the

challenge. . . . Of all the ex-Charlie's Angels, **Tanya Roberts** is the one who does the best job of steaming up the screen. Watch for her slinky nude lovemaking scene with Andrew Stevens in "Night Eyes," and the even sexier game she plays with another boyfriend when she lets him tie her wrists to her brass bedframe and make love to her. . . .

PAULA KLAU & IRA KRAMER'S MOVIE STAR NEWS

134 West 18th Street
New York, NY 10011

(Formerly Irving Klaw Photos)

PHOTOS & MOVIES FROM FILMS & THE OLD
IRVING KLAU STUDIOS

BONDAGE • SPANKING
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Blonde and leggy **Elizabeth Kaitan** is turning into a staple of the R-rated exploitation flicks featuring monsters or bikers or mad scientists or whatever, and she's already building up a commendable file of bondage appearances. There's "Rollerblade Warriors," which apparently hasn't been released yet but which, judging from the production stills, has much to offer; there's the post-doomsday "After-shock," which has an oh-so-brief shot of her standing with wrists tied behind her and tethered to a car door handle; and "Nightwish," a supernatural thriller with a quite lengthy sequence showing her and brunette cutie **Alisha Das** standing with arms outspread and wrists manacled to wooden uprights. **Lisa Pescia** is riveting in "Body Chemistry" as a sexy research scientist who tempts co-worker Marc Singer away from hearth and home. And when she slaps him and provokes him to violence, she seems to enjoy his response: He forces her roughly up against the wall, facing it, ties her wrists widely apart, and then . . . well, it looks like some kind of lovemaking, but sometimes you can't be sure about these things in the movies. Whatever it is, though, it's undeniably erotic. "American Eagle" has so many pretty young white-slavery captives, we almost lost count. The No. 1 captive is blonde **Kai Baker**, who looks equally fetching roped to a bed or gagged and tied to a chair. **Deborah Leigh Moore** is a female knight errant (!) in the Eric Stolz adventure "Lionheart" who, at the climactic clash of arms, can be seen briefly tied back to back with another captive. Methinks such a fair lady deserved more attention.

The 1939 "Code of the Secret Service," the sort of simple-minded but likable adventure they don't make any more, has two features worth noting: a workmanlike performance by Ronald Reagan as Lt. "Brass" Bancroft, and a watchable pretty-girl-tied-to-a-chair scene starring **Rosella Towne**. It's hard to imagine a more luscious creature than the 22-year-old **Claudia Cardinale** in "Cartouche," the 1961 French swashbuckler with Jean-Paul Belmondo. But if you need more of a reason than her mere presence, check out the tavern scene where she eats dinner with her wrists chained; or the later scene where she stands a captive, her wrists tethered to a post. *Bellissima*. The riddle of the "Deadly Sanctuary" film poster,

printed in issue #38, has been solved. The film has surfaced, and it's something of a curiosity. Made in Europe in 1970, it was, as we surmised, a restatement of De Sade's writings, starring Klaus Kinski in a cameo as the Marquis, Jack Palance as a libertine, and **Romina Power** (daughter of Tyrone, we hear) as De Sade's young heroine Justine, to whom all manner of ill fortune befalls. Chains, whips, stocks, dungeons, bare breasts. . . . It has just about everything but a coherent plot. No matter; it's still a great poster.

B/D on T/V

Sexpot **Nicollette Sheridan** is tied up, gagged, and dumped — fully clothed — into a sunken bathtub in the made-for-Showtime thriller "Deceptions". **Amanda Pays**, that alluring Brit who's cast in the upcoming CBS adventure series "The Flash" (and don't think we won't be watching that one closely), can be seen for about 1.5 seconds seated with her wrists tied to the control wheel of Howard Hughes' giant experimental aircraft known as the Spruce Goose, at the climax of the two-hour NBC pilot called "Parker Kane." Don't know if there's a series planned, but on the strength of the pilot, they should give it a try. Almost equally brief is the scene featuring the fashion-modelish **Cyrielle Claire**, who plays the female agent on the "Counter-strike" team on the USA network. Taken prisoner by an assassination squad, she manages to upset the hit man's aim when, hands bound behind her back, she gives him a well-timed body block. **Sigrid Thornton**, Lee Horseley's love interest on "Paradise," is jumped by desperadoes and trussed upright to a pillar outside the local hotel. HBO's new adult comedy series "Dream On" had a wonderful half-hour premiere: Newly divorced and adrift in the dating scene, Martin finds himself on a decidedly kinky blind date with the pretty **Laura Albert**. Before he can say "B&D," she's talked him into stripping her down to her panties, adorning her nipples with twin curls of Kool-Whip, stretching her out on the bed with



Don't spare the calories: Albert is dessert on the premiere of "Dream On."

wrists and ankles roped to the frame ("Is that too tight?" "Tighter."), then, as she gives him his instructions ("Start at the toes"), lathering each leg up to the thigh. After a half-hearted attempt at small talk ("So, you're into real estate"), and, eyeing all that whipped cream, a sudden attack of pragmatism ("You know, I'm a little concerned about the cholesterol"), he goes manfully about his task, lapping up all the cream, to her accompaniment of "Don't stop. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . ." Our sentiments exactly.

CHAIN MAIL — Our thanks to Eliot Shear for one of the "Darkman" stills, and to Puck of Michigan and video master craftsman Jay Edwards for other input. Also, a number of readers pointed out an omission in last issue's column: The actress who starred in that wonderful sawmill scene in "Twin Peaks" is named **Madchen Amick**. "Madchen" is German for "girl," and she's definitely a girl to watch.

Bound for Hollywood is looking for a couple of old European films, both of '60s vintage: "Piege" ("The Trap"), with Bulle Ogier; and "Flavia the Heretic," sometimes titled "The Rebel Nun," starring Florinda Bolkan. If any reader can help us acquire these titles, he'll be generously reimbursed with Harmony videotapes.

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS — The Arts & Entertainment network is promising to broadcast this fall some of the old "Avengers" episodes that never aired in the States. Dare we hope to finally see Honor Blackman as Diana Rigg's predecessor? From the scant evidence to date — still photos only — she looked smashing in rope and gag.

"The Rocketeer" has moved from the planning stage to the filming stage. Stay tuned. . . . ■

By The People

LETTERS • LETTERS • LETTER & PHOTOS • PHOTOS • PHOTO

POLAROID PARADE

Our new photo-friend "Mrs. Z" seems to like leather and chains.



Dear Harmony,

We've been enjoying your magazines for many years and it has taken this long to send a letter and some photos of my lovely wife in bondage. It would be a wonderful thrill to see her photos in Bondage Life. We've enjoyed bondage for several years now and we always try to play our games every Sunday. Kay likes to be tied up in the nude and that suits me just fine. There's nothing like watching her hogtied and naked on the floor before me. It keeps me hard for hours!

We usually start by playing some bondage movies or looking at bondage magazines to get us going (which doesn't take long) and that's when I start stroking Kay's nipples and squeezing her beautiful breasts, which always gets an instant response. Once her nipples are hard and erect, I slip off her robe and begin to explore the rest of her body. When she begins murmuring "Yes, Master" to my inquiries, I know we are ready to begin some serious bondage. Kay has been hogtied, spread-eagled, strapped, leathered and laced. She's been on my bench-press, legs up high and spread wide, feet strapped to the sides of the poles, her ball-gag and hood on, arms pulled back over her head and a vibrator buzzing. She's been a pony girl, bit-gagged and harnessed. As you can see, we try to explore all the possibilities. We even enjoyed outdoor bondage last summer. We are planning an extended trip this summer and have been planning to visit some bondage clubs. Kay says to be bound with other people around would be an ultimate turn-on! I can't agree more! Anyway, thanks for your fine publications and keep up the good work.

Yours truly,

J.K.D.

See page 5 for a fascinating "portrait" of Kay. —Ed.

Dear Harmony,

I have just recently started reading your publications and buying your videos. You have no idea how long I've looked for just such material. I went through a time thinking that I was alone in my feelings about bondage. I am very happy to say that you have proven me wrong about that.

In my search for materials such as yours I came across a lot dealing with S&M but that isn't where my interest truly lay. I then met a woman that I thought shared my feelings. It turned out the only interests that mattered to her were her own. She told me after we had married that "all that stuff you like is sick." She would no longer take part. This left me again alone with my unfulfilled bondage fantasies. Because of this and other things that I will not go into, we divorced. So I am now back where I started sometime ago and feeling alone to make it worse.

I felt alone, that is, until I bought my first copy of *Bondage Life*. Now I know that there are many out there who feel similar to the way that I do. It is my life's dream to meet a woman who of her own free will would subject herself to bondage. I feel that bondage can play a very big part in drawing two people closer together (no pun intended).

J.C.

Mesa, Arizona

Dear Harmony:

This is a letter I've been meaning to write for five years. First of all, thanks for putting out such a great series of magazines. Your models are easily the best, likewise the quality of your photography. Tarsis and Coco are two of the best bondage artists around, their art is the first thing I look for in your magazines. My only complaint is that there isn't more bondage art.

I am one of the fortunate few who has a willing and enthusiastic girlfriend who shares my interest in bondage. She especially likes to be tied up, blindfolded and gagged, then left to struggle. Her favorite gag (and mine) is a ballgag. She likes it because she can chew on it. I just think it looks great. Her panties with rope and/or tape are a favorite second choice. Of course I never leave her alone but because of the blindfold she can't tell if I'm really there or not. This way I get to watch her struggle and she gets the buzz of the suspense, not knowing if I'm really watching, waiting to



pounce, or down at the store buying cigarettes.

Our favorite outfits usually involve spandex and aerobic wear with the occasional leather or stretch cotton mini. Sometimes I leave her tied up with a vibrator buzzing away inside her tights and with her hands tied high up behind her back so she can't reach it. We also like to role-play but I suspect most of our scenarios would stray outside the Harmony format so I won't recount them here. Spanking is also a big part of our foreplay, especially as a "punishment" for some real or imagined indiscretion. If I am worried that I am going too far or that her struggles and protests are for real I only have to ask "outside the fantasy?" If she says "yes" then I stop whatever I'm doing.

Some of our longer, more involved scenarios begin with me tied up, usually because I've lost a bet or a game of chess. She usually leaves some loop or cinch loose enough that I can squirm free after a time but not until she's had her fill of tickling, teasing and whatever. Once the roles are reversed I get my "revenge" and it's her turn to squirm and struggle in the cuffs, collar and rope. She claims these are her favorite situations because she knows that whatever she does to me, I'll repay when I get free.

As for the Bound for Controversy section, neither of us get much out of it. We both prefer bound females, especially duos, with one woman tying and gagging another. You should have heard my girlfriend gasp when she opened BL 38 and saw the pictorial of "The Seventh Lesson." Now *that* is bondage we can both appreciate. Our only complaint was that there weren't twice as many pages devoted to Jessica and Allison. Maybe you could give the men a magazine all to themselves, then those of us who don't appreciate men in bondage don't have to curse the pages spent on them in BL.

By the way, you should use ballgags more often. I noticed in one of your surveys that it was ranked as most popular gag. So how come the flimsy cloth and tape gags outnumber the balls by three or four to one in your magazines? Do the models hate to wear them? I could understand that, having worn them myself. Still, for me, they are far and away the most erotic form of gag and your models look so darn good in them — especially Betsy Demont and Maria Tortuga.

Thanks for some great magazines.

T.A.W.
Canada

Continued on Page 36



IN OUR OWN WORDS: THE RESULTS FROM BONDAGE SURVEY 7

For past Harmony Survey results, we presented the demographics, the percentages, and the statements, and then evaluated the data. However, the articulate answers to this survey truly speak for themselves, so this time we'll leave most of the interpretation to *you*!

A. DEMOGRAPHIC DATA

GENDER — MALE: 98%, FEMALE: 2%

AGE — 20s: 23%, 30s: 37%, 40s: 30%, 50s: 8%, 60+: 2%

MARITAL STATUS — SINGLE: 68%, MARRIED: 32%

EDUCATION —

6% Unknown

18% High school

6% Trade school

24% Some college

27% Bachelors

18% Masters, Doctorates

SAMPLE OCCUPATIONS — Homemaker, security guard, telephone operator, sales representative, radio announcer, woodworker, physician, engineer, student, retired.

SAMPLE LOCATIONS — West Berlin, West Germany; Quebec City, Canada; Houston, Texas; Baltimore, Maryland; Saginaw, Michigan; Green Bay, Wisconsin; New Rochelle, New York; Chicago, Illinois.

B. COMMUNICATING

1. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO EXPLAIN LOVE BONDAGE TO A NON-BONDAGER?

(Did not answer question: 9%)

NO — 27%

"Not yet."

"I've kept my feelings to myself."

YES — 64%

Of the "Yes" responses, the reactions of listeners varied:

POSITIVE RESPONSE — 41%

"She married me!"

"I explained it to her a few weeks before the wedding — now my wife and I share it — she is a willing bondagette!"

"My girlfriend responded very simply: she wanted me to tie her on the bed!"

"She was hesitant, then as trust increased, she became an excited participant."

"Those in a loving relationship respond with understanding and the desire to please a loved one."

NEGATIVE RESPONSE — 24%

"They thought I was sick."

"She replied, 'well, some people like that, but not me — I couldn't get off on that.'"

"A nosy friend found your publications beneath my bed. I did a bit of explaining and allowed him to page through them and read the Harmony Philosophy. He referred to it as 'B.S.'. He is still naive enough to associate bondage with sadomasochism."

SOME POSITIVE RESPONSES, SOME NEGATIVE — 17%

"A few said 'yes,' some said 'no,' a few said 'oh yuck!' I married one of the 'yesses.'"

"A woman-friend said she was 'horrified at the thought' and didn't want to see me any more. Finally a lovely and beautiful woman has accepted for the past six years!"

"Each time I've received 100% acceptance or 100% non-acceptance. My success rate stands at the 50% level, based on about twenty females."

"She and I had a delightful conversation while the others looked on in awe. The other guy made it plain that he thought there was something wrong with people who needed 'extra stuff' instead of regular old lovemaking."

DISINTEREST — 14%

"A very indifferent reception."

"She still loves me, but I don't think she thought much of it."



2. IF YOU TRIED TO EXPLAIN LOVE BONDAGE TO A NON-BONDAGER WITH ONLY A FEW SENTENCES, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

"Comfort...a feeling of being sheltered...security."

"I would explain that it's only a game for adults, and that anyone can stop at any time."

"It is the ultimate in intimacy. It is based purely on love, trust, and understanding."

"In my case I'd explain that most of the time I'm the one who wants to be placed in Love Bondage."

"I find it hard to explain. I would show them a copy or two of *Bondage Life* — as I did with my wife."

"It is a gentle way of restraining your partner physically, to enhance foreplay and arousal."

See pages two and three for more of our readers' eloquent descriptions!

△

3. DO YOU WISH YOU COULD BE MORE OPEN ABOUT BONDAGE?

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF BONDAGE WAS COMPLETELY ACCEPTED? OR DO YOU ENJOY HAVING SOMETHING "SECRET" AND "UNUSUAL"?

WOULD LIKE TO BE MORE OPEN — 59%

"It would make finding compatible partners much easier."

"I believe a large percentage of people would enjoy it but are afraid of ridicule — like me."

"It would be nice if bondage were simply considered an orientation or lifestyle on the same plane as heterosexuality or homosexuality."

"If my wife thought bondage was accepted by society, it would be more acceptable to her. I recently started corresponding with another bondager and this seems to make my wife feel that bondage is more okay than it has been before."

"I loathe being labelled by a segment of the population as perverted, anti-woman, or otherwise socially unacceptable. I'm not mentally ill or maladjusted, nor am I acting out deep-rooted hostility toward women, and I resent being lumped in with those who do by unthinking reactionaries."

DON'T WANT TO BE MORE OPEN — 18%

"I enjoy the secretiveness of it. The 'forbidden.'"

"The secret nature of bondage adds a deliciously stimulating spice to our relationship."

"Bondage is a sacred act between lovers, and as such is always private."

"We all know too much about each other as it is."

MIXED FEELINGS — 13%

"It would be nice to be more open — but there's an undeniable sense of excitement to engaging in something out of the mainstream."

"I wish it were more accepted, but part of its fascination lies in the fact that it isn't."

"I feel both ways — openness vs. secrecy."

ALREADY OPEN ABOUT BONDAGE — 2%

"I've discovered how to be open about bondage — people, I've finally realized, *love* to discuss bondage."

"We can be open about bondage with broad-minded, uninhibited people."

"Your openness depends on your own self-confidence."

DON'T KNOW/NO RESPONSE — 8%

4. DOES IT SEEM THAT SOCIETY IS GIVING NEGATIVE OR POSITIVE MESSAGES ABOUT BONDAGE? IS PERSONAL BONDAGE BECOMING MORE ACCEPTABLE?

SOCIETY NEGATIVE — 49%

"All sorts of misinformation creates the outlook that bondage is dirty and abnormal."

"Though self-expression is expanding, the feminist movement strongly objects, equating even simple Love Bondage with S&M, etc. While this is clearly not accurate, the sense that this is subjugation of the woman remains."

"They discuss the 'exploitation' of the woman, ignoring the possibility that she might enjoy it, or that she might sometimes be doing the tying."

"The problem with bondage is that it has some powerful negative associations, and these will probably always be there in the mass media."

"The media associates *any* sexual variation with child molesters and rapists (who are *truly* sick)."

"It does seem that society gives off negative messages about bondage. However, there is a new air of freedom that is rising in Europe, and hopefully some of that will wash back over here, saying that free speech and free expression are universal — in all things, be it politics, religion, or sex."

"I'm very disturbed at the rising tide of censorship in the world today. People who believe in personal sexual freedom should fight it."

SOCIETY POSITIVE — 19%

"Society isn't negative — just the news media is."

"The fact that bondage can be discussed by Ann Landers or Dear Abby shows how open society is becoming about sexual relationships."

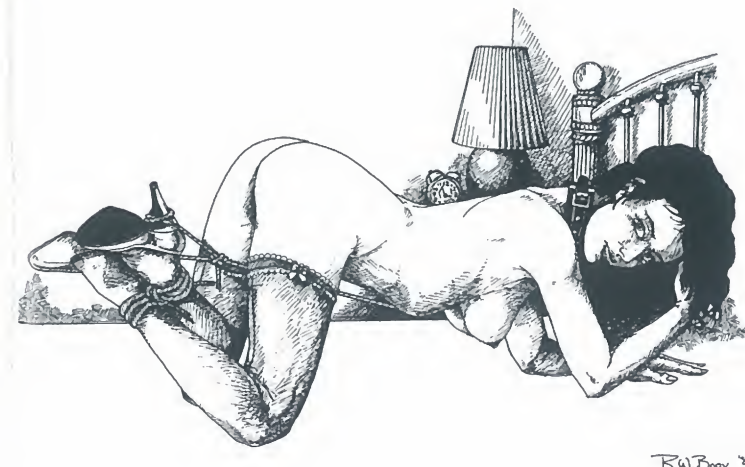
"I go to trendy bars and concerts and I hear 'bondage talk' from time to time. My girlfriend's friends knew we were into B&D and a lot of them started 'playing' and experimenting. I can't believe so many Harmony readers can't find a woman who wants to be tied up; there are a *lot* of them out there!"

MIXED MESSAGES FROM SOCIETY — 1%

"Society's attitude toward bondage remains unclear and shifts often."

"Society is giving a negative view, but very slowly it is becoming more acceptable."

DON'T KNOW/NO RESPONSE — 15%



C. DEFINITIONS

1. MANY NON-BONDAGERS ASSOCIATE BONDAGE WITH SADOMASOCHISM. DO YOU AGREE WITH THEM? WHY OR WHY NOT?

DON'T AGREE — 69%

"I don't agree, but I see how the confusion occurs."

"Bondage turns me on. Pain turns me off."

"Though I'm a confirmed bondage fan, I am completely turned off by pain, either in giving or receiving it."

"Bondage can be as playful and enjoyable and painless as any form of sexual activity."

"Though B&D is 'bondage and discipline,' the discipline is secondary, and is symbolic in the games that we play anyway."

"Before I started ordering Harmony magazines, I thought bondage was related to sadomasochism. But after reading the Harmony Philosophy I realized that bondage does not necessarily mean sadomasochism. Your magazines have helped me channel my erotic desires to something of a lesser degree and still find a sexual stimulation. For that, I have to say thank you!"

AGREE — 18%

"I agree, because this is my interest as a submissive transvestite."

"I think the two are the same psychological theme, but different kinds and levels of expression — soft, and hard."

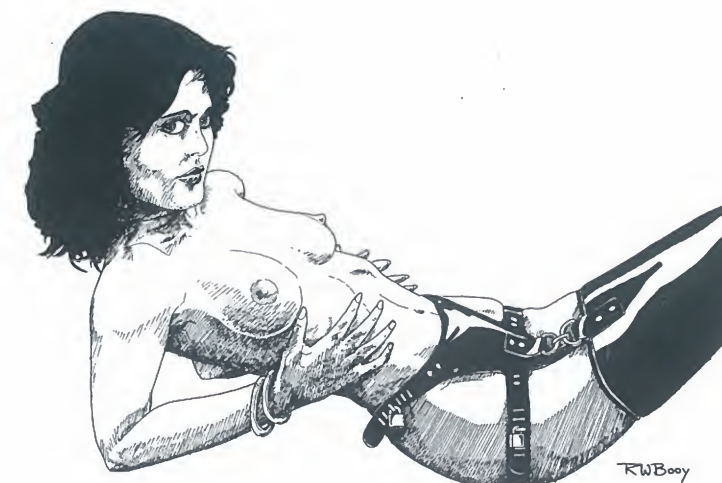
"In my fantasies, mild pain, when I am already physically aroused, provides a turbo-charging of the sexual experience. I logically reject enacting the extreme range of my own fantasies because I rationally believe that no sexual fantasy should result in bodily damage."

MIXED FEELINGS — 3%

"Yes and no. Bondage can be practiced without sadomasochism, but sadomasochism is almost never practiced without some form of bondage — be it physical or psychological."

"Bondage would seem to be an important part of any S&M scene, but reading *Dominant Women, Submissive Men* was interesting because it had so little about bondage in it. Many S&M relationships don't appear to involve bondage much, if at all."

DON'T KNOW/NO RESPONSE — 10%



2. WHAT DO YOU FEEL IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "BONDAGE" AND "LOVE BONDAGE"? DO YOU THINK THE TWO TERMS CAN MEAN THE SAME THING?

TWO DIFFERENT MEANINGS — 51%

"Totally unrelated."

"Bondage is constraint, power, domination. Love Bondage is about trust, acceptance, enjoyment."

"Bondage is broader and includes drama, suspense, personal fantasies or restriction — it does not necessarily include sex."

"Love Bondage is... intimate; bondage is... just sex."

"It is the same as the difference between sex and love."

"Bondage can be acted out by two consenting adults. Love Bondage is for lovers."

"Bondage is generic. Love Bondage is a coined term to denote a certain application of bondage: specifically the person is bound because they want to be bound."

"Bondage *per se* denotes the act only. Love Bondage includes the psychological effect."

"Love Bondage reflects an emotional commitment between lovers. Bondage denotes a simple act — i.e., you can kiss a friend in a polite social fashion, or really *kiss* a lover. Same word, very different act."

"Bondage may be sex only — Love Bondage is with the heart."

THE TWO MEAN THE SAME THING — 21%

"Just the term 'bondage' should be sufficient."

"The two terms are the same thing when practiced by caring partners."

"In my mind they are the same. But I can't speak for others."

"The term is in the mind of the beholder."

MAYBE THE SAME/SOMETIMES THE SAME — 3%

DON'T KNOW/NO RESPONSE — 25%



D. BONDAGE STYLES

1. IF HARMONY'S MATERIALS OFFERED ONLY ONE OF THESE FIVE THEMES, WHICH WOULD YOU WANT IT TO BE?

WOMEN BEING BONDAGED BY OTHER WOMEN — 6%

SEXUAL THEMES — 26%

(12%) WOMEN BONDAGED BY LOVING MALES AS PART OF A MUTUALLY SEXUAL SITUATION

(14%) WOMEN BONDAGED BY LOVING FEMALES AS PART OF A MUTUALLY SEXUAL SITUATION

BONDAGE SCENARIOS CONVEYING A SENSE OF PERIL — 29%

"As long as the peril never hurts someone."

"No heavy scenes; Nancy Drew type stuff only."

"Comic-book-type story."

"With a positive ending."

"Heroic endings or daring escapes are essential."

"In the end, the forces of justice must win out."

"I hope your readers won't think 'peril' goes against Harmony's love-policy. Peril doesn't have to mean rough stuff at all."

ANYTHING ELSE: A SPECIAL ELEMENT THAT MAKES THE BONDAGE SITUATION APPEAL TO YOU MORE THAN OR IN SPITE OF ANY OF THE FOUR OTHER CHOICES — 39%

The "special element" our readers voted for was a different item on almost every survey. What a fascinating variety of interests engage the Love Bondage Community! A sampling: tickling, lingerie, high heels, male submissives, riding boots, leather, rubber, handcuffs, nudity, sneakers, crotchropes, bare feet, pantyhose, miniskirts, stockings, bathing caps, suspension, costumes, hogtie, ruffled panties, blindfolds, singlegloves, ballgags, wedding gowns, corsets, office attire.



R.W. Booy

"If you did offer only one theme I would not buy your material."

"It would be a HUGE MISTAKE to limit your material to one style. Each style mentioned is part of the potpourri we all enjoy."

"We hope Harmony has no plans to discontinue their practice of showing all facets of the Love Bondage Community."

Linda Alexander strolled into the den half an hour late, which was not surprising. She was late for everything, which was why he had wanted to see her in the first place. She had missed her payments on the loan for the fourth month in a row, and John wanted a face to face explanation.

He knew how such a meeting would turn out. She would talk him into another extension. Eventually, he figured she would talk him out of the note entirely. It wasn't that much money, but still . . . damn it, it was supposed to be a short term loan, not a gift.

Linda walked toward him, wearing an outfit that suited her perfectly. A short black skirt, more suited to a coed than a 30-year-old director of sales. Sheer black stockings and stiletto heels accented her long running-sculpted legs, and a powder-blue blouse unbuttoned at the neck, just so, completed the first half of her victory. She looked lovely, vulnerable, kittenish . . . all those things that John had seen in her over the many years he had known her.

"You're late," he said, making a show of adjusting some papers on his desk, so he wouldn't have to look at her.

"I know, and I am sorry," she smiled. "I had some trouble finding a cab."

"That's all right," he answered. "I knew you'd be late." He looked up at her. "You're always late."

She laughed, and sat down in the large Victorian chair in front of his desk. He always liked it when she sat in that chair. "I know, it's just terrible, I can never get anywhere on time. It's my worst vice."

No, it isn't, thought John. *Your worst vice is what you're doing now.* He cleared his throat, staring at her as she crossed her legs. Her skirt rode up a little on her thigh. He could see the tug of tension in her stocking that indicated that she was wearing a garter belt.

"Well," he said. "What about the money?"

She lowered her eyes, looking a little abashed. "I just don't know what to say," she responded, looking up through her lashes. "I've had a bad stretch of expenses, what with refurbishing the apartment."

"Couldn't that wait until after you've paid me back?" he said, trying to get some asperity into his voice and failing.

"I thought I could manage both, but, well, business hasn't been so good. I'm really awfully sorry, John," she said, leaning forward, earnestly. John caught a glimpse of black lace and cleavage. "I should probably be spanked."

"Yes, you probably should," said John. "But no one ever has spanked you, have they?"

She dimpled and leaned back. "Not in anger, no," she said slyly.

"Linda, this is becoming really irritating. I told you when I loaned you the money that I don't like loaning money to friends, precisely because of this situation we find ourselves in. It makes me very uncomfortable to have to call you in here to remind you of your responsibilities." He blew a knot of tension out of his lungs, and leaned back. Exasperated, he

There's More To THE CHAIR

By Coyle Turner

whole payment, the whole five months, in two weeks, are you?"

"No, I don't think so." She paused, running her fingers through her shoulder length blonde hair, and then shaking it, as if absentmindedly. John felt a rising in his groin. *She is really very good at this*, he thought.

"Can you make the usual monthly payment in two weeks?" he asked, knowing he was beaten.

"Yes," she said. "In fact I could give you a check now, if you like. Oh, wait, I left my purse in the hallway."

"Get it," he said, trying to salvage some sense of control.

Linda seemed a little startled, but nodded, and got up. John sat back and watched her walk away. Great walking-away ensemble, he thought.

He started to put his desk in order. They would go to lunch now, and she would make him laugh, and shake his head, and things would be back the way they always were. She getting back to being a kid sister type and he the amused, slightly impatient authority figure. *Gidget Defaults*, he thought, sourly.

She came back into the room with her purse and sat back down in the Victorian chair. She pulled her checkbook out and leaned forward to use his desk. He noticed now that she had buttoned her blouse another notch, so that he could no longer see her chest.

"This is really an interesting chair," she said, writing out the check.

"Yes, it is. It's a very special antique."

The chair was rather short and bulky, and obviously an old design. It looked a little like a cross between a lazy boy and a Louis XV dining room chair. The back was thick, as if with cushioning and the sides of the seat curved away, as if it was once placed against a column. It was upholstered in crushed red velour, and had a very short back that ended in a thick, ornate carving right at head level. It was rather bulky and the arms were broad, unupholstered, polished oak, and not of a piece, with space between the seat and the top of the arm. The arms were also ornately carved with pineapples and flower petals along the sides, and a sort of wainscoting border hanging down. The legs were exposed, and matched the arms, but the underside of the chair was completely sealed with fabric. In fact it looked very odd — wide and short and overly decorated with a very thick, curved back.

"What makes it so special?" she asked, sliding the check across the desk.

John considered his answer carefully. "Well, it's from the

asked, "Now what am I going to do with you?"

"I don't know," said Linda, meekly. "What would you like to do?"

"About what?"

Linda paused. "About this money. I mean, I really want to make you happy about this situation, and I really intend to pay you back. I just need some more time."

"I've given you time. You owe me for four months, and the fifth payment is due in two weeks. You're not going to be able to make the

Victorian era and has some special alterations which are rather reflective of that period of time." Linda leaned back in the chair, looking at him speculatively.

"Like what?" she asked.

"Well, it's kind of weird. Kinky." Linda raised her eyebrows, smiling wickedly. "Do you want me to show you?" he asked.

"I'm always interested in kinky furniture," she giggled seductively.

"Oh, knock it off," he said gruffly. "We've known each other too long. Get up." Linda stood, and John walked over to the back of the chair. Leaning over, he reached under the back, and set a small switch. "All right now, sit down."

Linda did so tentatively, sitting on the edge of the chair.

"No. Get comfortable, and lean back."

Linda looked at him warily, and then leaned slowly back. After a moment, when nothing had happened, she settled into the chair and wiggled her shoulders a little.

"I don't see what — *AAHHH!*" A flap whipped around from the curved back of the chair, across her torso, and with an audible click, locked itself on the other side, strapping her to the chair.

"That's one of the things that makes it special." Linda began making some attempts to get the flap off, but it was broad, about four inches wide, made of very stiff leather and was locked securely. It held her upper arms to her body, and while it was not crushing her it was a tight fit.

"The Victorians were rather fond of automata, and were also into the idea of restrained sex. Of course, the restraint was sometimes just play acting, and fetishism — are you all right?" he asked.

"Ahh, yes, I'm fine. Would you, umm, unlock this?"

He smiled. "Not just yet. See if you can get out."

"Of course I can get out," Linda said sweetly. "I could just slide down under it, but that would be rather immodest, don't you think?" She tugged meaningfully at the hem of her skirt. "I mean it's not really restraining me, it's just in the way."

John nodded, reached over to the side, unlatched the flap, and began bending it back into position on the back of the chair.

"You're right, of course." He laughed. "But the 'dastardly villain' should probably leap across to his 'damsel' before she had a chance to slide down. But that's not the only interesting part of the chair." He pushed the flap back into the rear of the chair, where it clicked shut. Linda stood up quickly and stepped away.

"There's *more* to the chair, eh?" she asked. "How does it work?"

"A very complex system of weights, pulleys, springs, tensions, locks . . . Like tape measures that snap back into place. For example, that flap is curved along the back of the chair, which is exactly the right shape for locking around someone's upper body. It's held in place by a spring and lock system, and when the armature is tripped, the spring simply swings it around the chair, so that it hits a similar lock on the other side. You can see it here," he said, pointing to the side of the chair. "But as you pointed out, by itself, the strap couldn't hold anyone. There's more to it."

Linda crossed her arms over her chest, and looked at him coquettishly. "Why, John Turnbull, I never realized you had such a dark side."

John smiled. "It's just part of my collection of weird furniture and automata. Like that hat tree that plays 'God Save the Queen' when you put a hat on it."

"What else does it do?" asked Linda.

"I'll show you."

"That's one of the things that makes it special." Linda began making some attempts to get the flap off, but it was broad, about four inches wide, made of very stiff leather and was locked securely. It held her upper arms to her body, and while it was not crushing her it was a tight fit.

"Oh no, you sit in it this time."

John shook his head, as an idea began to grow in his mind. "You couldn't get me out. You don't know where the switches are." He looked her straight in the eyes. "Don't you trust me?"

"I'm not sure I do, *Mister* Turnbull. I'm not sure I want to turn myself over to your untender mercies. Who knows what you really have in mind." She looked down at the chair, and laughed. "Still, it is fascinating, although it startled me a lot."

"This time you'll know what's coming. Come on, just for a lark." Without waiting for her answer he leaned over the chair and set two switches.

"All right," she said, wagging a finger at him. "But no funny stuff."

"Wouldn't think of it," he said, leering at her.

She looked him over, and sniffed in mock unconcern. "See that you don't," she said with a slight smile. She turned her back to the chair, and settled gingerly into it. She looked up at him challengingly, and then leaned back firmly.

The strap flipped around from the back of the chair as before, capturing Linda's upper body and arms. But this time a spring shot across from the front of one arm to the other, catching there. Then it slid down the arms of the chair, stretching as it encountered her legs just above the knee, and pulling down on them tightly.

"So you see," said John, "it would be more difficult to slide out now, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, I can see that, but it's not impossible. The thing on my legs is awkward but not very tight. See, I can lift my legs some."

"Right, but in this Victorian scenario, the 'villain,' that's me, is not just standing idly by. There's still more to the chair."

"Do tell."

"Sure. Let me show you."

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I think this is enough."

"Ahh, but as the villain of the piece, I insist." He grinned down at her.

"Well modesty be damned then, I'll just slide out, Mr. Turnbull." She commenced to wiggle down through the flap.

"Yes, but you won't be quick enough, Miss Alexander," he said deliberately. Reaching down, he grabbed her left forearm, and held it to the arm of the chair. He pushed one of the flower petals on the side of the arm, and an inch-wide piece of metal snapped out from under the arm and swung itself across Linda's wrist. It was notched like a handcuff, and clicked shut on the arm of the chair. John pushed it closed onto her wrist. "These cuffs, for example, work in the same way as the flap. They're curved under the arm, and when they are released they just flip up. They're not automatic though."

Linda stopped wriggling. "I see," she said calmly. "I suppose it is symmetrical," she commented, as John walked around to the other side of the chair. "Yes, I thought so," she sighed, as John repeated the procedure on her right wrist.

John stepped back, admiring the slightly disheveled Linda Alexander. A broad red strap encircled her torso and upper arms, pushing up her breasts slightly. Two black metal cuffs held her wrists to the arms of the chairs and the spiral of a black spring was stretched across her legs above the knees, holding her to the chair.

"Well," Linda said, feigning unconcern, "I can see I underestimated the Victorians. I am rather secured now, but I don't see how you could much force me to do anything untoward, as long as I'm held like this." She looked up at John, who was grinning like a cheshire cat. "But let me guess. There's more to the chair."

"Ahh, my aloof beauty, but of course there's more to the chair."

"How does that spring across my legs work?"

"Since I'm going to take it off now, I'll explain it." John reached down and unhooked the spring, leading it up the arm with his other hand, so that it wouldn't whip about. "The spring is compressed into the left arm. When the armature is released, a beveled hole opens up on the right arm and the tension in the spring shoots the spring across the chair. It doesn't always catch, particularly if it is used a lot. But I just replaced the spring, so the tension was fairly uniform. Once it catches, weights hidden in the bottom and the back of the chair pull it down until the resistance — in this case, your lovely legs — overcomes the tension. To resist it, I unlatch the spring, and pull on this thread, until it locks back into position. Then I lead the thread back into the arm, like this, carefully, so that it doesn't snag, and that resets the weights."

"Ingenious," muttered Linda, darkly. "Is anything else going to snap closed on me?" John shook his head. "But there's more, isn't there?" John nodded. "Get on with it then, Mr. Turnbull, and mind your manners." Linda held her head high, her face aloof.

"All right." He bent down and fiddled with the leg of the chair. A black leather strap fell out of a narrow slot on the outside of the leg. "Excuse me," said John, as he grasped Linda's ankle, and buckled the strap closed around it. He repeated the process on her other ankle, so that both ankles were strapped to the legs of the chair, pulling Linda's legs apart, as the chair was rather wide.

"I see," she said, feigning nonchalance. John could tell she was getting a little nervous, though, as she was pulling at the various contrivances that were holding her. "The damsel is becoming more and more accessible, but it still strikes me that this is rather awkward — a difficult position for both villain and damsel, wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes, that's true, for some things, though not for all," he said, smiling.

"I also think you are beginning to enjoy yourself more than is completely necessary for this, ah, demonstration. You said you replaced the spring, so my guess is that this chair has seen more than one performance, correct?"

"That, my dear, is none of your business."

The headrest slid up out the back of the chair, but was still attached by a wide board. From under the wings of the carving, on either side of the board, several straps dangled, along with a blindfold and a ball gag. Linda tried to twist around to see what had happened, but her bondage held her securely.

Linda nodded. "And that portrait that hangs in your bedroom — of Bess, from 'The Highwayman,' bound to a four-poster — that's not just an investment in fine art, as you told me, is it?"

John grinned. "Worthless, as art. Priceless as an aphrodisiac."

Linda looked up at the ceiling. "I see."

"And you're right —"

"There's more to the chair," they said together.

"That would figure, in light of what I'm just now learning about one of my oldest friends." She looked over at him, some of the polish gone out of her presentation. "Do your worst, Mr. Turnbull. If it gets out of hand, I'll scream."

"Funny you should mention screaming. I don't know who would hear you, as there's no one in the house but us. But let's say, for the sake of the demonstration, that we don't want you to scream." He stepped to the back of the chair and pushed down on top of the ornate carving that served as the headrest. It slid up out of the back of the chair, but was still attached by a wide board. From under the wings of the carving, on either side of the board, several straps dangled, along with a blindfold and a ball gag. Linda tried to twist around to see what had happened, but her bondage held her securely.

John detached the ball gag, and started to insert it into Linda's mouth, but she swung her head away.

"Now just a minute, Mr. Turnbull, what are you doing?" Leaning her head away, she looked down at the gag. "Oh no you don't. That kind of thing can get a little uncomfortable."

John stepped back, slightly surprised. "You have some experience with them, then?"

For one of the few times since John had known her, Linda looked visibly unnerved. She flushed and looked away. "As you said, that's none of your business." She turned back and looked John squarely in the face. "Now, I mean it, John, that's enough." But there was little conviction in her voice, and she must have realized it, because in spite of herself, a small smile crept onto her lips.

"Come, come, Miss Alexander," said John, proffering the ball. "All in the interest of enlightenment." Linda glared half-heartedly at him, then closed her mouth and swung her face away from the gag. John reached around and, holding her head, tried to force the ball between her teeth. Linda kept her mouth firmly closed.

John stepped back, and thought for a moment. He didn't want to do anything that would really upset her. But, on the other hand . . .

He started tickling her under the ribs. Linda thrashed prettily in the chair, and started giggling. Then laughing. Then screaming.

"All right all right all right," she gasped finally. "Just let me catch my breath." After a few moments, she lifted her chin and opened her mouth. John slipped the ball gently between her teeth, and carefully adjusted the straps around her head. Then he pulled the ball tightly into the back of her mouth. Linda grunted as John buckled the gag in place.

"So you see, speech is now not an option. In fact, the damsel is now completely out of options. Which I'm sure you already knew, in light of — how did you put it — what I'm just now learning about one of my oldest friends." John grinned. "I had no idea you were familiar with these kinds of games." Linda blushed furiously, and avoided looking at him.

"The thing I really like about this gag, aside from how lovely it looks, particularly on you, my dear, is that it attaches to this board in the back of the chair." He buckled a

Continued on Page 55

By The People

Continued from Page 28

Dear Harmony,

I would like to tell you about my new-found interest in bondage and your magazine.

I started dating a wonderful guy named Eric about three months ago. After our first date, he took me to lunch and told me about his interest in bondage. Being brought up rather conservatively, and being quite naive about such matters, I was a little shocked, but also curious. We talked about Eric's likes and dislikes, and I told him I was willing to try. On our third date, Eric brought over his "toys," and a whole new way of life opened up for me.

Eric and I now spend every Saturday morning in bed, playing. We have ropes, a red Spandex body sleeve, Velcro cuffs, and last, but not least, a straitjacket. I love to bind Eric up, tease him, then make love to him slowly. For relaxation, I tie him up, read your magazine to him, or shave him.

I also love to be bound too. I feel great when put in our Spandex bag, or tied up with ropes and cuffs.

I look forward to many more years of bondage pleasure, and of reading your fine magazine.

Sincerely,

A Happy Reader

NEW HARMONIZER — MARTI!



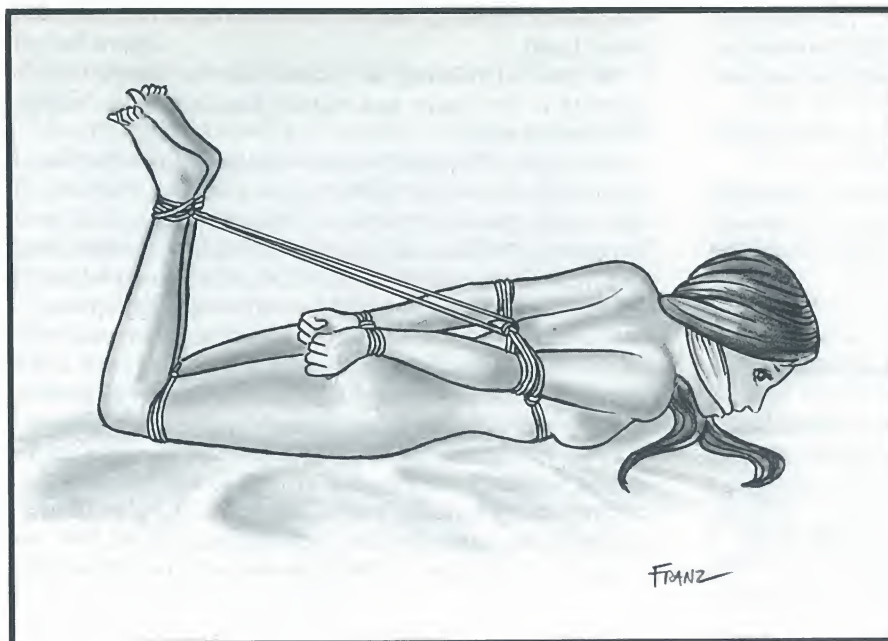
Dear Harmony:

Here are some photos that my wife and I thought your readers might enjoy. Your magazines, and the By The People sections in particular, have been a great help to us over the years in defining who we are as a couple and as individuals. The brave souls who contributed their personal photos and helped to show us that there are others just like us have our heartfelt thanks.

The way in which you present this most enjoyable activity makes us want to contribute also and try to give to others, who may be just starting out, the same good feelings about this style of loving that we have developed over the years with the help of you and your readers. Thanks for everything and keep up the good work.

Till next time,

Bill and Marti



Greetings Fetish Fanatics,

Life in "Mizzou" has its ups and downs, but bondage remains a constant. Being a bit of a purist in my own personal circles, I like to maintain a certain image when I indulge with Patricia, my wife.

She and I have a fascination for oil, so when we bind each other, soon the warmed baby oil follows. Here's a new twist: spreadeagle your dear damsel or mate on the bed and apply a blindfold. While they wait (luxuriating in their nudity), warm some baby oil in the microwave for about 45 seconds.

I usually begin with the breasts and work my way slowly (oh so slowly) down her squirming body. Some well-placed, well-oiled caresses and touches and your loved one will be yours for life.

James

BEAUTIFUL BLUES



Artist "Chris!" of England sent Harmony this sample of his compelling technique. Would you like to see more?

REVIEWS BY THE PEOPLE

HARMONY VIDEOS — THE CUSTOMER KNOWS BEST!



"Your Lips Say Mmmph But Your Eyes Say Yes (B-108) was terrific, particularly the computer graphics. Lisa's performance was wonderful, even the plots were delightful. I hope they do more." — J.W./Virginia



"I did not realize that *BRINGING BACK BETTY* (HR-4) would have topless scenes in it. May I return it?" — J.W./Virginia



"I enjoyed every minute of *Bedtime for Corina* (B-92). Corina is a lovely woman and looks like she enjoys being

bound and gagged. The way Jay Edwards tied Nikki up in B-92 made my heart pound." — M.U.



"*Head Over Heels* (HH-3) was especially nice because of the large amount of dialogue. The interplay between

Marley Haze and Kiri Kelly helped keep the video interesting." — J.G./New York



"*BOUND IN TRADITION* (HR-3) is fantastic. 'How To Handle a Naughty Ashley' was my favorite scene. The over-the-knee sequence was classic. I enjoy seeing (and hearing) Ashley Rene being tickled. Whitney Prescott and Betsy Demont are the best duo I have ever viewed. They have the best chemistry together! Kiri Kelly and Allison Brach were also enjoyable, though Kiri makes a better bondagee than Allison." — J.W./Virginia



"*LOVE, LORRAINE* (MP-7) had some great close-ups of Lorraine Vanowen being tape gagged. One technical criticism: Lorraine's voice is awfully low and soft, and at times it was difficult to hear her responses to the questions." — J.G./New York
(Safety note: Never fully gag a person who is bound in a shower or in the rain. — K.I.)



"*KIRI'S PORTFOLIO* (MK-2) contains the hottest, sexiest on-screen gagging sequence I have ever seen. Michael's packing and thorough taping of Kiri's mouth was just great. Throughout the video she shows that she enjoys her work and she has an endless supply of energy for struggl-

ing. The position where her arms are taped behind her back is also excellent. Too bad the leather single glove was not stringent enough — please use single gloves that put the models' elbows together." Spandex Fan/Maryland



"*Costume Party* (UC-2) is a film I can thoroughly enjoy again and again — it looks like it was fun to make, as well!" — J.B./England



"I enjoyed *GAGGED* (KI-5) very much. I find it highly erotic to watch one good looking woman gagging another, especially 20 different ways. It was too bad the video did not end with Kiri starting to apply a ball gag on Kristine, saying something like 'only forty-nine more to go...'" — T.C./Washington
"*GAGGED* is absolutely sensational. My favorite sequence is the bathing cap white tape gagging... incredible, fabulous!" — D.B./Colorado

"MYSTERIOUS MARY" RETURNS!

It's been a long while since we heard from our English friends of "The Black and White Session." At last, Mary is back, and she's as beautiful as ever. Mary says that she's 4'8" with a 33"-24"-34" figure — quite a petite package — and her U.K. shoe-size is 3. Maybe we should be calling her Cinderella!



TERESA — LOVINGLY BOUND AND GAGGED

Photos by John Scott.



HOLIDAY COLORS

Season's Greetings from our "Wild & Woolly" French couple! These photos are from their early bondage games.



"SOXY" TERRI

Hi Harmony!

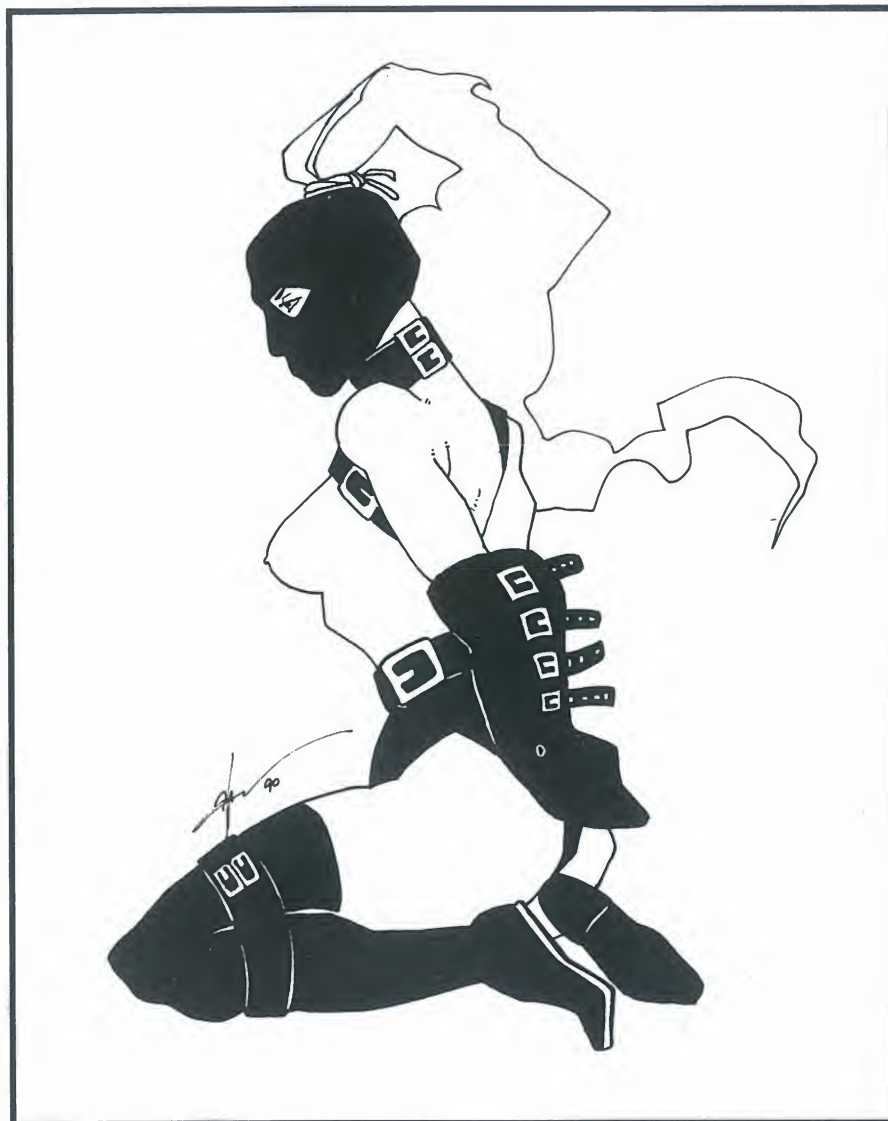
Here are some pictures of how Terri wound up after dinner last Saturday.

There's a pair of bobby-sox rolled up in her mouth.



She couldn't get free no matter how hard she tried . . . she came all over the room . . . after listening to her trying to talk through that gag, so did I!

Keith



Dear Love Bondagers,

Knot long ago I had a great Love Bondage affair with a wonderful lady.

A typical Loving evening would begin on the couch, C. putting her lovely legs up, somehow ending in my lap! Well, those nice heels would somehow get slipped off. And those nice nylon reinforced toes would end up getting nibbled (I don't know why C. always wore those nice nylons — could it be 'cause I kept buying them for her? She looked best in black). And, slowly but surely, those ankles would end up getting tied (spare stockings just happened to be there). And, do tell, those wrists would end up getting tied, playfully (where did that other stocking come from?).

She slipped so naturally into bondage you'd never know she wasn't a Love Bondager, although I think she was quickly becoming a convert!

Our relationship was so special, I think she actually looked forward to bondage after a while!

But, alas, due to circumstances beyond our control, she moved away, and did, in fact, tie the knot with another!

So here's to C., wherever she may be — the lady who got right into bondage — feet first!

Sincerely,

T.D.
Florida

Dear Harmony,

We all preach the practice of Love Bondage. On page 32 of BL 39 there was an outstanding example of real Love Bondage. When Keith changed Terri's pose to kneeling on a tile floor, she was still tied tight as a tick (southern expression, pardon), but he had put folded towels under her knees to make the pose comfortable. This is Love Bondage in practice!

The Southern Tie Boy

Continued on Page 52

Simone's Section

Following in Their Forerunners' Footsteps — Simone Devon & Friends Clone the Classics



MICHELLE PAGE BY RYAN PAUL — 1980

SHARON BEACON BY SIMONE DEVON — 1990



MICHELLE PAGE BY RYAN PAUL — 1980

SHARON BEACON BY SIMONE DEVON — 1990

LAUREL BLAKE BY SIMONE DEVON
— 1990 ▶



ANNA NIEDER BY
PAUL RYAN — 1979



ANNA NIEDER BY
PAUL RYAN — 1979

LAUREL BLAKE BY SIMONE DEVON
— 1990 ▶



Simone's Section



ANNA NIEDER BY
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◀ LAUREL BLAKE BY SIMONE DEVON
— 1990



AN AMATEUR IRVING KLAU MODEL
— CIRCA 1951

◀ SHARON BEACON BY SIMONE
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A Night at the Loft - direct from NY's newest SM Club, authentic action by seven actual dominants and submissive men and women. **Bondage Behind Bars** - a reporter goes undercover as an inmate to check out rumors of B&D action by the local matron. **Bondage Boot Camp** - the "military" camp where gorgeous sex slaves are put through rigid B&D training maneuvers. **Bondage Club #1** - supreme bondage games executed by 4 lovely ladies and their masters - rated 4 stars by Hustler Video Review. **Bondage Club #2** - Justine Gets Clamped, Keisha in Stocks, Whip Contest, Ona Blindfolded, Slave ring, Rope Tricks and Pony Girls. **Bondage Club #3** - Justine's Suspension, the Rack, Sixty-nine, Ona on the Bench, Justine Whips Keisha, The Whipping Post and Pony Girls. **Captured in South America** - two innocent U.S. maidens falsely accused of a crime are tortured by Teutonic Temptress. **Classic Films of Irving Klaw #1** - a collection of silent films produced by Irving Klaw, with voice-over narration on the life and work of this B&D pioneer. (no PAL) **Classics Films of Irving Klaw #2** - second volume of Klaw's classic work from the 1950's and 60's featuring Betty Page. (no PAL) **Clinic for Behavior Modification** - in an attempt to force a young heiress to sigh over her assets, she admitted to the "clinic". **Ebony Goddesses** - a journey in search of a lost brother leads to the helm of black female domination. (no PAL) **Escape Me Never** - whippings, suspension bondage and torture brings Bree's B&D desires to life. (no PAL) **I Want To Be A Mistress** - Under the expert instruction of Mistress Stephanie, a novice dominant learns the ropes. (no PAL) **Kidnapped Secretary Capter** - the case of the missing diamond causes a binding situation for two beautiful babes. **Maid For Tears** - bad help and disobeying wives calls for the action of traditional British discipline. **Slaves of Desire** - Cindy seeks help which leads her into a doctor's realm of individual and group B&D therapy. **Taming of a Macho** - a prominent Mistress educates a blonde bombshell on her trade, then together they execute their skills on two young studs. **The Audition** - an authentic English corporal punishment video covering the many implements of spanking. **The Captives** - an attempted robbery turns into a B&D experience for the two thieves and their apparent victims. **The Experience** - a young Dutch girl desiring more insight into the world of B&D turns to Madame Nicole for further knowledge and training. **The Punishment Man** - lovely blondes, cheating wives and kleptomaniacs are taught a deserved lesson through corporal punishment. **Top Control** - subordinate workers are humiliated, paddled, whipped and tortured for their misconduct. **TV's Bound in Rubber** - two lovely TV's are bound, dildoeed and excelled into bondage by their Mistress.



All videos are not pictured, but are available.

Bound for Controversy

... BECAUSE MEN LIKE TO BE TIED UP TOO!

This issue, we're taking a look at a special group — a group which almost defies classification, but has its beginnings in male bondage.

Since most of our readers prefer seeing bound women, and dislike seeing bound men, this feature usually inhabits only two facing pages. This time, Bound For Controversy covers three pages; if "male" bondage disturbs you, please simply glue these pages closed.

CROSSING "BOUND"ARIES — THE TRANSSEXUAL BONDAGER

Is there a reason why so many of our males-in-bondage are also transvestites?

Various Harmony writers have observed that bondage makes a woman appear particularly vulnerable. Vulnerability, and the need for help or protection, is a large part of the traditional image of "femininity." Thus, many people are excited by bondage because it accents a woman's femininity.

Transvestites not only can express femininity by dressing up, they can augment that femininity through bondage.

For most transvestites, this fetish is enjoyed in private, alone, or perhaps with an understanding partner. The game is isolated unto itself, and in "normal" life the transvestite-bondager ("TB") has a "masculine" personality.

However, there is a small and fascinating minority of males who feel more comfortable in alternate roles. Not all of these men feel "trapped in their body"; that expression suggests that the only answer is a gender-change operation. Some men simply decide upon a social identity which does not quite fit "male" or "female" categories. Since often these individuals prefer to be referred to as "she," we will do so here.

"Selena" describes herself as a TV/S

SELENA



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— “living somewhere between the transvestite and transsexual lines.” Being a resident of California makes her chosen lifestyle easier to lead.

“Victoria” is an in-process transsexual. She has always been interested in bondage. Her photos show her both before and during the gender-change process. She is currently living in California, where she is taking hormones and preparing for surgical completion.

“Jane” has been Harmonizing for a very long time (as “J.C.”, she contributed to *Why Bondage Looks Good* in BL 24). Jane’s story (like Victoria’s) suggests that the need to be female naturally led to the interest in

VICTORIA — Before



VICTORIA — in transition



feminine bondage: “Although born male, all my life I wished to be a female. In addition, from a very early age I wished to be a female in bondage. After I lived and worked as a woman for two and a half years, I underwent gender reassignment surgery.” Jane’s decision has been a happy one. And her Harmony status appears to be unique: ONCE A BONDAGETTE, ALWAYS A BONDAGETTE — but she wasn’t *always*!

Next issue, we’ll return to Bound For Controversy’s usual format, with both “masculine” males in bondage and “feminized” males in bondage; but Jane will move on to the women’s bondage section. ■



JANE — in transition



JANE — after

“Now I am female, and my body more closely matches my mind.”



By The People

Continued from Page 42

Dear Harmony,

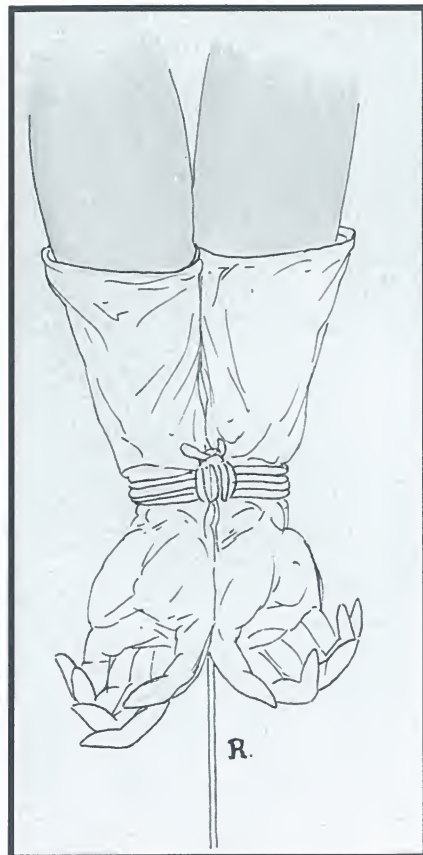
I'm not much for writing letters, but I just had to write.

I would like to make one very important point of fact that makes me a Harmony customer, and that is your mail bulletins. Yours is the only company I know of (and believe me, there are many) that puts out well illustrated and descriptive bulletins of their product. For those of us with very special interests, it is far and away your greatest innovation for it lets us know what we are getting beforehand. In my case, I have been very disappointed with other products in the past, but not with Harmony's. That is why most of my purchases are from Harmony.

Respectfully,

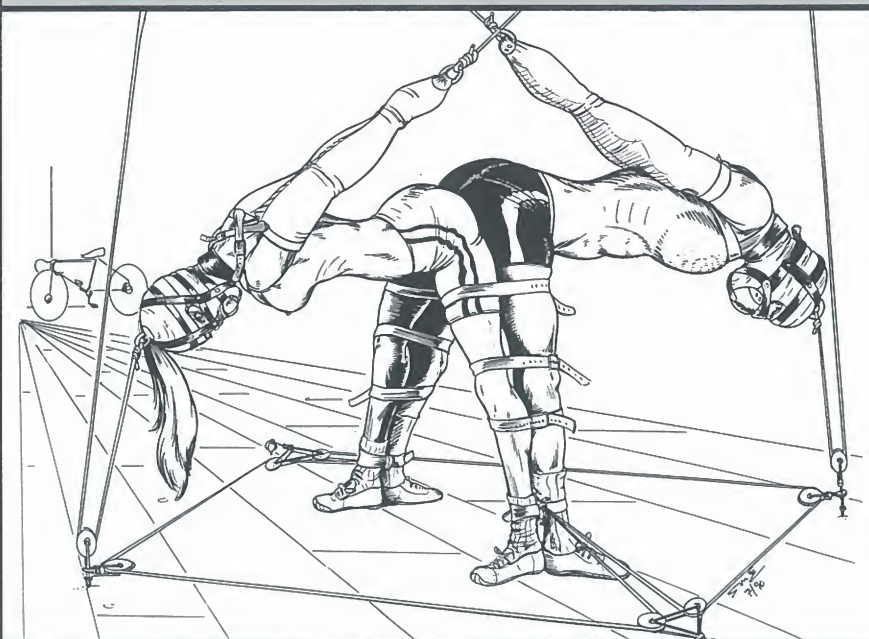
G. G.
Nevada

To present another point of view: some of our customers want us to have MORE detail in our bulletins. If only we had the space for it! . . . — Ed.



CONNECTIONS

THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE



SMS is available for custom work. Write to: Silver Sandal Press
Box 3608, Campello Station, Brockton, MA 02404 U.S.A.

Dear Bondage Life,

Jenna Lyn and I have known each other for several years and I was always impressed with the way she kept herself in shape and her great legs. (The sight of a pair of ankles tied together with white rope has excited me for as long as I can remember and I'm 34 now.) She had gone to modeling school and was working at a local store. I had recently stopped seeing a woman who'd indulged and seemed to enjoy my bondage fantasies, so I was hoping to find another bondage partner. I called Jenna Lyn one Sunday afternoon and told her I had a totally off-the-wall idea.

I explained how my old girlfriend enjoyed being tied up and how I'd ordered some bondage magazines and was now receiving Harmony video flyers. I then proposed that since she was an accomplished model, why didn't we make some videos?

Her exact words were "I've always wanted to try bondage but didn't know anyone else who would try it."

Needless to say we attempted a video, but due to conflicting schedules, we didn't get to finish before she moved to the West Coast.

A thought for your readers: During

my marriage I tied my wife's ankles together on several occasions with a belt, tie, or bathrobe belt only for her to object after a few moments — "Untie my feet." If only I had known at 24 what I now know about tact, timing, and putting people at ease; it's not what you say but how you say it that is most important . . .

If I am going to settle down with someone ever again, they will know my enjoyment of bondage.

Since my divorce I've approached ladies I've dated about the subject of bondage, with remarks like "I saw a movie recently starring (such and such an actress) — I always thought she was very attractive. She got tied up in a (bikini/dress/teddy/etc.) and looked great."

If the lady with me makes a pleasant remark or leaves an opening for discussion, I've led to "A lot of people seem to enjoy bondage, would you like to try it?" Three of the five ladies I've spoken with have allowed me to tie them up and even take pictures. The other two weren't offended, but just weren't interested in trying it.

Thank you for a great magazine.

Sincerely,

Ray in K.C.

Dear Harmony,

Here's Susie enjoying an afternoon in restraint. Her arms are bound in a fashion I seldom see utilized. The wrists are fastened back to back, thumbs pointing upward. Thumbcuffs may be used to keep the hands positioned properly while wrist coils are applied.

Her wrists, head, and feet are tightly connected with wire-reinforced plastic clothesline. Her wrists are wrapped six times. Her feet and ankles are wrapped with ten turns. Another satisfied customer; Susie moans her approval.

"Susie Submissive" and Hank



PLAYFUL PICS



English Love Bondagers Barb and Chris sent us this set from their photo-games of the early '70s. The red vinyl catsuit is still one of Barb's favorite outfits.

There's More To The Chair

Continued from Page 35

second set of straps on the ball gag to the board so that Linda's head was now held immobile.

John released the flap that held Linda's upper body to the chair, and swung it back into place against the curved back. Looking at it now, one would just assume that it was a decorative swath of fabric.

John looked into Linda's eyes, and saw that she was resistant, but the longer he held her gaze, the more a different emotion altogether became evident. At last Linda looked away.

"Well, well, Miss Alexander," John said softly. "You've looked more stunning, but never as delectable." Linda blushed and closed her eyes, mumbling something into her gag. "I really think you should see how lovely you look."

He went across the room to a standing full length mirror that was set in a burnished mahogany case. Carefully he carried it over to where Linda was testing her bonds, although she still had her eyes closed. Setting the mirror down on her left, he pushed his desk back away from the chair, then moved the mirror so that Linda could see herself in it. John stepped behind the mirror. The back was covered in a burlap fabric. The fabric was attached to a roller, hidden in the top of the mirror, like a window shade. John raised the shade, revealing the fact that it was a two-way mirror.

"See what I mean?" said John, peeking around the side of the mirror. Linda opened her eyes and saw in the mirror a lovely blonde, wrists cuffed to the arms of the chair, a red ball strapped in her mouth, head held back stiffly, her legs spread and strapped at the ankles. As she looked at herself, John could see that she appreciated the appeal of what she saw. Making light of it, she shrugged, as if to say, "Not bad." John watched her for a moment as she pulled sinuously against her bondage.

"I think it needs some more atmosphere," said John, stepping out from behind the mirror. He reached forward and undid the top button of her blouse, as it had been when she first arrived. Linda protested through her gag. "You're right. That was okay for your entrance, but for this scene . . ." He undid the next three buttons, so that only the lowest button remained fastened.

"And the skirt, I think, should more adequately reflect your desperate attempts to preserve your honor, don't you think?" he asked, looking down at her. She shrugged, and gestured with her bound hands, as if to indicate "Why not?" John reached down and carefully hiked her skirt up to her hips, revealing the straps of a black garter belt and her white panties, which appeared to be a bit damp.

Linda noticed where his gaze was focused, and although her ankles were strapped apart, managed to close her thighs somewhat, looking up imperiously at John.

"Yes, that's right, continue to struggle against the inevitable. That's the way proper damsels behaved back then." Linda made a negative sound through he gag, and shook her head slightly. "I mean, of course, I'm just speaking in the spirit of the times, as it were." Linda nodded her head slightly, but kept her thighs closed. John laughed.

"You realize of course, me beauty . . ."

Linda managed to make a clear sound around her gag. "Nnn-uhnn. 'airz 'orre 'oo a ssair."

"Yes, that's right, there's more to the chair." Linda giggled.

John reached into the inside of the vertical part of the arm of the chair, and a thin strap slid out of a narrow slot. Grabbing Linda's stockinged knee, he began pulling her legs apart. Linda struggled dramatically, really putting her heart into it. All that running certainly paid off, thought John, as Linda experienced some success in keeping her legs together.

In his attempts to get a better purchase, John slid his hand way up on her thigh, so that his thumb brushed against her panties. Linda squealed in protest, and John momentarily felt the moisture. Eventually, he worked her left knee over to the arm of the chair. The strap went around her leg, above the knee, and buckled shut, pulling her leg tightly against the wooden arm. Almost without thinking, John slid his hand up her leg, caressing her bare thigh. Linda squeaked a warning as John abruptly realized what he was doing. "Sorry," he said, embarrassed. "Just for verisimilitude, you understand." Linda nodded slightly, and made a forgiving sound.

The right leg presented similar difficulties, and therefore required similar solutions, but eventually both legs were strapped wide apart at the ankles and above the knees. John and Linda were both flushed, and both of them would have insisted that it was simply exertion.

Linda wouldn't look at John at all, and John's face was hot. What had started out as a little joke in his mind, a little playful revenge, now seemed as if it might turn their long-time friendship into something else, and John wasn't sure what that would mean. He resolved not to let it become something else, and to instead just enjoy the ambiance — his revenge, and the ambiance. He had been involved with bondage his whole life, and the sight before him was very stimulating. *I can't*, he thought. *I can't become romantically involved with a woman who is perpetually late.*

Linda was arching her back, testing her bondage. Her long blonde hair was held in place by the black straps of the ballgag, but some had fallen free. Her blouse had opened even more during the struggle to secure her thighs, and had slid off one of her shoulders, revealing her black lace bra completely. Her skirt had worked farther up around her hips, exposing the flesh between her garter belt and bikini panties. To John she was achingly endearing, as her disheveled state evidenced her damsel-in-distress struggle.

"There. Now you truly look the part." Linda peered into the mirror, her face flushed. She stopped struggling. She looked at John plainly, completely vulnerable, no artifice or guile, obviously wondering where they were headed. John blushed and looked away.

"I have some paperwork to clear up," he said hoarsely. "Why don't you just sit tight and admire yourself for a bit, and then we'll go to lunch." Linda continued to stare at him. John pulled a chair up to the side of his desk so that he was hidden from Linda behind the mirror. He made a great deal of noise, pushing papers around on his desk, and then settled back to watch through the two-way mirror.

At first, she moaned questioningly into her gag, but when there was no response, she stopped and began admiring herself in the mirror. She arched her back, thrusting her breasts forward, and twisted her legs in an attempt to loosen the straps. Then she tried to get her wrists out from under the

Eventually, John worked her left knee over to the arm of the chair. The strap went around her leg, above the knee, and buckled shut, pulling her leg tightly against the wooden arm.



cuffs on the arms, but her elbows ran into the back of the chair.

After a minute or two, she stopped struggling entirely, and a very meek expression came over her face. She closed her eyes, and John saw that her pelvis was moving slowly back and forth. He rose quietly, and looked over the top of the mirror to watch her for a few moments.

Suddenly, her eyes opened and she saw that John was watching her. She blushed a deep red, and lowered her eyes. Then she looked at John again, and with a look of complete surrender on her face, began the rhythmic movement of her pelvis again.

John was now completely unnerved. He stepped around the mirror. "For the full effect, of course, you should be blindfolded," he said hoarsely. Linda murmured soft, pleading protests into her gag, as John unhooked the ballgag from the back of the chair. He took the blindfold off of its hook and tenderly blindfolded her.

With her head now free, Linda had much greater freedom of movement. She writhed slowly and tossed her head, up and down, back and forth until John felt he couldn't stand it.

Even when I'm the one in control, she can manipulate my feelings.

At last John could take no more. Reaching behind her head, he unbuckled the blindfold, and then the gag. Linda gasped as the ball slid out, and took a deep breath.

"Well, this old chair is certainly full of surprises," she said gently, looking up at him.

"Yeah," said John with a slight tremor. "Listen, let's go get some lunch." He bent down and started to unbuckle her ankle strap.

"You mean there's no more to the chair?" asked Linda.

"No," said John, shortly. "There's no more to the chair."

"I'm certain there is more to the chair, John," said Linda, softly. "Look, the villain has the damsel in the chair, but there's no way he can get at her. She's too far back in the seat."

John sighed, and stared at the floor for what seemed a long time. He was *not* going to get involved. He was *not* . . .

"John?" He looked up at her, and saw she was smiling that damned confident smile. "There *is* more to this chair."

John rebuckled the ankle strap, and stood up. "Oh, yes, there's more to the chair."

"Oh, goody," giggled Linda. "What's next?"

"Well, you pointed out a major problem. At this point a Victorian villain might be able to persuade the Victorian damsel to cooperate with his demands, and they would simply move to the couch."

"Uninteresting," said Linda.

"You sure?"

Linda lifted her head high. "Never, you fiend!!"

"Very well, my dear." He bent over and unlatched one of the wrist cuffs.

"Are you going to let me go?" asked Linda.

"Oh, no, just going to change your position." He lifted her wrist up to the headrest, and taking one of the straps dangling there, slipped her wrist into it. The wrist restraints were inch-wide leather cuffs, attached to the underside of the headboard by a short length of thin but sturdy silvery chain. The back of Linda's hand grazed the velour covering of the headboard as John tightened the cuff and buckled it closed.

When he started to repeat the procedure on her right hand, Linda began to struggle furiously, so that it took several moments to get her wrist secured to the headrest. Her wrists were now suspended near her head. Next John undid the straps on her thighs. As he did so, Linda snapped her legs

"Oh, no, just going to change your position." He lifted her wrist up to the headrest, and taking one of the straps dangling there, slipped her wrist into it. The wrist restraints were inch wide leather cuffs, attached to the underside of the headboard by a short length of thin but sturdy silvery chain.

closed, catching his hand in a fleshy, nylon trap.

"Now I've got you," she purred.

"Tut, tut," said John, withdrawing his hand. "Such cooperation is unseemly in a Victorian damsel." He moved to the back of the chair, and, releasing two latches on the side, lowered the back until it was parallel with the floor, where it locked into place. Linda could see that the arms had not been connected to the back of the chair at all, but had been simply snug against it.

Lowering the back of the chair made the headboard extend itself even farther from the chair's back, which had the effect of pulling Linda's hands higher, over her head. It also caused her fallen blouse to tighten around her stomach, so that the remaining fastened button popped off.

Linda was now nearly undressed. Her skirt was bunched up around her waist, her blouse open. Her black garter belt was simply functional, with no lace or frills. It stood out starkly against the pale, smooth skin of her belly. Her bra, however, was made up almost entirely of see-through lace, with a wire running under the cup for support.

Linda looked up dreamily at John, and stretched as far as her bondage would allow. "This demonstration is becoming markedly realistic, don't you think?" she asked. All John could do was nod, as he took in the sight of her bound to the chair.

"What's next?" she asked softly.

John did not answer. He moved to the foot of the chair, and reached under it. The whole front part of the chair came up, like a lazy boy, so that Linda was now lying down completely. Her ankles were still strapped to the foot of the chair, with her legs spread apart, and her wrists had been pulled up over her head. John then refastened the straps above her knees and stepped back.

Linda lifted her head and peered down her body. "I can't see very well," she said, "but I must be quite a sight."

"That you are," responded John. "Here, I'll show you." He moved the mirror closer to the chair and held it tilted so that she could see herself.

"Mmmm, nice." Linda wiggled playfully. "Well, there's nothing I can do to stop you from finishing the dastardly deed, although I suppose I'll be obligated to start screaming in a moment." She looked up at John. "You'll probably have to cut my panties off, but my bra unhooks in the front. If you want to rip my blouse off, just for versimilitude, I suppose I could wear one of your shirts afterward."

"No," said John, biting his lip. "That's enough, I think."

"Oh, come on now, John," whispered Linda. "You'll never have another chance like this. I mean, you've successfully tricked a woman into letting you tie her up, and then undressing her. Isn't that what the chair is for?"

"I can't," said John. "I've known you for too long. We're friends. It changes everything."

"So what?" she demanded. "We might become lovers."

"Or we might become just acquaintances. I do like you a lot, you know. You may be my best friend."

He moved to the foot of the chair, and reached under it. The whole front part of the chair came up, like a lazy boy, so that Linda was now lying down completely. Her ankles were still strapped to the foot of the chair, with her legs spread apart, and her wrists had been pulled up over her head. John then refastened the straps above her knees and stepped back.

Linda sighed. "I never thought that I'd be tied up, and having to demand my master to make love to me. I mean really *demanding*, not as part of the game. But John, dear John, you must. You really have to." She rattled the chains of her wrist cuffs, and swirled her head from side to side. "I'll pay back all the money I owe you. Please."

"No, don't say that. Forget the money. I'm not a gigolo."

"Then hurry. I'm starting to lose the mood. Come on." She stopped struggling. "I might be in love with you. We could become lovers, successful lovers. I like these games and I

trust you. And I'll bet you have a lot more you can show me." She arched her back and started struggling again. "Now cut my panties off and take me, damn it! Eeek! Help! Help!"

John felt like he might burst with conflicting emotions. He laughed wildly. "No screaming, my dear!" He leaned over and kissed her, and she kissed him back, in spite of maintaining her struggle. With one hand, he picked up the ballgag, and as they broke their kiss, he pushed it into her mouth and buckled it tight.

"All right," he whispered. "We'll give this a try. And God help you if you are ever late again. This will be a pleasant memory by comparison."

Linda, feigning fear, shook her head wildly, signifying that she wouldn't dare.

Well, that's done it, he thought, as he fumbled through his desk drawer, looking for his scissors. *She'll never be on time, ever.*

He cut, and ripped, and unhooked, and they had a wonderful time. And although he never got his money back, he didn't care, because friends can sometimes become lovers. Successful lovers.

And she was *always* late. 

Modeled by Sarah Foster Tate — clad in black latex blouse, suspender-belt and stockings, rubber gloves, bathing cap and, of course, white socks and sneakers.



A QUICK LOOK AT GAGS — VILLA ATREUS STYLE!

NO SOUND, NO STORYLINE, NOT-FOR-EVERYONE SPECIALTY VIDEO!

"L.I.V.E." #3

EQUESTRIENNES IN LOVE BONDAGE

STARRING LAUREL BLAKE, ASHLEY RENE, SHARON BEACON, AND BETSY DEMONT



This Harmony video's limited interest focus is on Beauties Bound and Gagged while wearing horseback riding ensembles — breeches, black leather riding boots, white

blouses, and Simone Devon's tight gags and taut ropes. "L.I.V.E." #3 devotes itself to each of the four bondage starlets in separate Damsel-in-Distress studies.

"L.I.V.E."* #3 • FULL COLOR • NO SOUND • 60 MINUTES
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1. YOUR BASIC HOLLYWOOD "COSMETIC" GAG: Tight cloth drawn between the teeth. Nothing looks better; nothing ever will. One glance says *Gagged!* — like nothing else can.



2. THE OTHER HOLLYWOOD FAVORITE: the tight white bandage tied across the mouth — here added over the previous gag just to add a touch of reality to the occasion.



3. YOUR SPECIAL CLOTH-GAGGING NUMBER for those with a vested interest or two: panties, socks, nylons, scarves, all variations are possible. Here Sarah combines Cloth Gags 1 and 2 using her own bras — the first drawn tightly between the teeth, the soft cup of another bound tightly over that.



An Atreus-type variation of this most basic type of gag has cloth replaced with rubber — quite demanding because of the tension on the jaws.



4. TAPE: the other classic Hollywood gag! There are variations on how it is arranged — single strip, cross-shape, right around the head etc. — but one thing is essential: packing in the mouth. Here Sarah has a soft latex swimcap stuffed inside her mouth.



5. BALLGAG #1: Sarah sports a very large rubber ball under a generous application of clear tape.



6. BALLGAG #2: Love them or hate them, they are very effective. Choose the right ball for the lady's mouth-size and speech is taken care of. Sarah will never wear a larger ball than she has fitted here — her jaws just aren't made that way. The strap holds it secure; cover it with cloth, tape or rubber and you have the main contender in the gagging sweepstakes. This is the classic, no-nonsense strap-on kind we just never get to see in the movies.



7. SPECIALTY AND CUSTOMIZED GAGS: Your choice. In short, anything and everything — from inflatable pump gags to hole-gags and leather plug gags, whatever turns you on! Here, a local Australian favorite: the sneaker-gag, a lady's white tennis shoe fitted into a customized head harness.

FOOTNOTES

By
Eric
Holman

Inspired by exotic Toshiko Ryan, Kristine Imboch takes barefoot bondage another step forward this issue with her cover tribute to the Japanese style of restraint! Yet another photographic study of the kimonoed, barefoot, and bound Toshiko will enliven the January edition of *Love Bondage Treasures*. Ms. Ryan's charm has also been captured on video: Menaced by tall, beautiful Star Chandler, petite Toshiko submits to bondage more than once but ultimately triumphs over her villainous rival in the search for "The Secret of the Carved Bowl" (BF-25) . . . *Love Bondage Treasures* stands out as Harmony's most foot-minded publication. The cover of LBT 31 for October provides incontrovertible evidence, with bound, gagged, and bare-toed country miss Betsy Demont perching atop a hay bale. There are more glimpses of Betsy Mae within the magazine, plus a storyline that features tiny Marley Haze being roped up by Allison Brach and Tracy Phillips, a strictly hogtied and barefoot Darla Crane, Rachel Wells as a stocking-footed secretary in distress, and adorable Whitney Prescott as a panty-clad heroine trussed-up with torn sheets . . . Betsy Demont's aforementioned encounter with the hay bale is Harmony's bondage variation on rural-themed-glamour-photo posters. Vanna White gave new life to this genre when the lovely letter-turner's first poster portrayed her as a blue-jeaned lass sprawling barefoot in the hay. Following in her footsteps, poster-makers have utilized bucolic backgrounds to produce a pair of irresistible, near life-size images. In the first, brunette beauty Kim Anderson, attired in skimpy top and denim cut-offs, stretches out on the barn floor with one rosy-heeled foot lifted in the air. The second poses an anonymous but equally alluring farmer's daughter in a similar costume; brightening her agricultural ambience with a dazzling smile, she stands with one bare foot pleasingly poised and pointed. If your local poster source can't supply these gems, you can write to Great Southern Company, Macon, GA 31201 for the

Kim Anderson poster (titled "Hay, Dude!"). For the second poster, "Country Bumpkin," contact National Trends, Inc., 120 E. Columbia Ave., Pontiac, MI 48055 . . . Perhaps the foremost purveyor of yuppie consumer items, The Sharper Image has been the object of numberless satirical jabs, but somebody involved with the creation of its monthly catalog has his or her heart in the right place. During the past two years, half a dozen of these glossy brochures have contained excellent photographs of sleekly attractive models lolling on luxury recliner chairs sans shoes. To see if this favorable trend will continue — or if you're curious about state of the art recliner chairs — write to The Sharper Image, 650 Davis Street, San Francisco, CA 94111 and ask to be placed on the mailing list . . . "Who's Harry Crumb?" may not be a classic film, but its title sequence deserves unstinting praise. As introductory credits roll, a young woman prepares for her shower. After shedding her shoes, she pads about the bedroom, points her stockinged toes, then sits down and peels the hose from her bare feet. Later in the flick, this actress is abducted, bound, and blindfolded, though, regrettably, she's not allowed to display her pedal charms so appealingly . . . While we're talking movies, let's also applaud the director — or choreographer? — of the otherwise bland modern-day sorcery fable "Teen-witch." Within a few minutes of the film's beginning, almost a dozen barefoot actresses prance through a stylish locker-room musical number. Somebody even reminded the pretty performers to point their toes! . . . Department of Corrections: My description of a memorable scene from the 1931 melodrama "Svengali" last time around proves just how faulty memories can be. The artist-hero did *not*, as I erroneously stated, draw a sketch of the heroine Trilby's bare foot while she's posing for him. Actually, smitten with Trilby, he sketches it on his apartment door just after meeting her. During this encounter, the uninhibited Trilby (played by Marian Marsh)

proudly showed off her bare toes to an admiring group of artists and boasted that hers were the prettiest feet of any model in the city! . . . Eric, the foot-bondage enamored hero of "Bondage On His Mind" (BF-20) returned to video a few months ago in the cleverly-titled sequel "More Bondage On His Mind" (BF-24). Once again, Eric can't resist the temptation to let his imagination wander bondageward when lovely ladies slip off their shoes. Betsy Demont and Desiree Chardeau do the tantalizing that leads to Eric's fantasizing in this program with an unexpected twist. BF-24 can be obtained from Harmony for \$40 . . . "Milk: It Does A Body Good!" Rarely has the milk industry's slogan seemed more accurate than it does when accompanying a billboard image currently decorating the Los Angeles skylines. The body in question belongs to a blouse-and-jeans wearing model who smiles wholesomely as she reaches out for a carton of milk. Since she's sitting with her legs stretched out, said milk carton sits only inches away from her neatly curved bare feet. This tableau might force even confirmed coffee drinkers to re-evaluate their attitudes toward dairy products . . . Star Chandler, so convincing as Toshiko Ryan's nemesis in BF-25, made her video debut in a much different role. Playing a spoiled rock star, she was the focus of manic maid Whitney Prescott's rope-happy attentions in "The Knotty Maid" (HS-6). Before Chelsea Pfeiffer arrived to curb Whitney's mischievous activities, Star and Allison Brach had been roped up and left to struggle barefoot and indignant on the bed. The video session that produced HS-6 was notable for even more than usual camaraderie among models and Harmony staffers. Allison, Whitney, and Star all stayed around to view the results of their exertions; relaxed and comfortable in her bare feet, Star almost forgot to put her shoes on before she left! Featuring three enthusiastic bondageettes, lots of good fun and great ropework, HS-6 is only \$40 from Harmony . . . From Star Chandler to "Star Search:" The Spokesmodel segment undoubtedly accounts for many of the viewers drawn to this popular television variety show. State of the art video technology and high fashion savvy combine to create a stunning showcase for gorgeous searchers after fame and fortune. Throughout "Star Search's" nine years on the air, foot-consciousness has varied wildly: at times, the Spokesmodels' images have

1957 by the Curtis Publishing Company



Securely tied and gagged, they were left to writhe and wriggle helplessly.

SATURDAY EVENING PAST

In the May 1990 edition of Footnotes, an English correspondent simultaneously rhapsodized about a marvelous illustration that he'd seen decades before and regretted that he'd never see it again. Thanks to an anonymous benefactor, however, this striking piece of nostalgia has been recovered for all to appreciate. Depicting one of the high points of a serial entitled "The Artless Heiress," it graced the June 22, 1957 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

been rigorously cropped above the ankle; at others, they've been permitted to arch their soles and point their toes for the camera. The new season just underway as I write seems modestly promising. Tune in to see if the search for stars will continue to sweep from head to toe . . . Two more of Harmony's brightest stars are Ashley Rene and Whitney Prescott. The chemistry evident between Ashley and Whitney results in giggles galore when they tickle each others' knees, shoulders, ribs, tummies, and — of course — feet throughout "Ticklish" (TK-1). This high-energy ticklefest sells for only \$40 . . . A correspondent pointed out that I'd neglected to identify the Filly of Sole whose foot close-up decorated May's Footnotes. Apologies to those who didn't identify her as . . . Carmen Mateos! Cover-model of *Photo Treasures* 26 and a

favorite BF-video performer, Carmen's lost touch with Harmony, but we hope to be on the receiving end of one of her cheery phone calls before long. Coincidentally, the owner of Size Seven Soles pictured in August has also strayed far from the Harmony studios — back to her home state in the case of . . . Lorraine Vanowen. This pint-size spitfire was also a *Photo Treasures* cover-bondageette and likewise emoted with her shoes off in not-so-long-ago BF-videos . . . Still no information about U. S. distribution of Franco Saudelli's incredible "Bondage Palace." But Tarsis has put together a collection of panels from this unique illustrated barefoot bondage adventure on Page 20. There you can find the address of his publisher; cut through a little bit of foreign-currency red tape and you too can have a copy of La Bionda's latest romp! . . . Krista

Mallory, Olivia Chase, Nichole Thomas, and Rochelle Young find themselves in "Tight Situations" (E-5) courtesy of Eliot Shear. Krista plastic-wrapped, Rochelle and Nichole bound side-by-side, Olivia squirming topless across the floor — these are only a few of the indelible images to be found among 100 minutes of mostly barefoot bondage vignettes for \$60 . . . A connoisseur of pretty feet even when they're not bound, Eliot Shear is putting together a magazine that he hopes will evolve into the foot fetish equivalent of *Bondage Life*. He's eager to hear from anyone who'd like to contribute photos, letters, drawings, or stories; if your local department store has just published a flyer that features a shoeless model, he'd appreciate a photocopy. Even if you can't contribute, please tell him what you'd like to see in the magazine. Mail your letters or other materials to Eliot Shear c/o Harmony Communications, Box 69976, Los Angeles, CA 90069. Eliot's idea is one whose time has definitely come — he deserves all the support we can give him!

By The People

Continued from Page 54

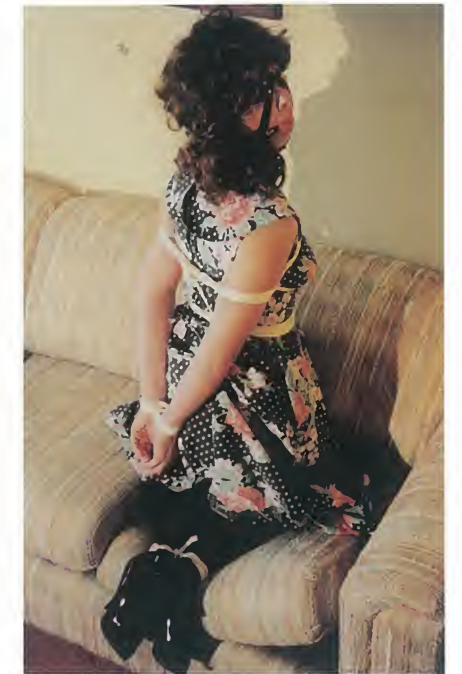
MERRY X-MAS

Lady-in-red "J" shows off her X-ceptional bondage. Photos by "R" of Baltimore.



MARSHALLED & MUFFLED

With Jackson Marshall's help, "Barbara" (Laura Lee's alter ego) tests a few gags.



A DAY AT THE RACES

By "Nob"

The Forum is crowded with captives in chains,
And guards that the Emperor always maintains.
My Master inspects me and gives me a grin;
The ponygirl race is about to begin.

I'm bitted and booted and bridled and reined —
A high-stepping ponygirl, artfully trained.
The reins give me guidance, caressing my skin,
And I must trot swiftly so Master can win.

Together, five ponygirls make up the field,
Each one of us nude so no charms are concealed.
A cymbal's loud clang, and the race has begun —
My Master now urges me into a run.

At last I am into the rhythm I need
To outpace the others with breathtaking speed;
My bosoms swing free as I stretch out my lead
And my nipples grow stiff with the heat of my need.

The whistles and catcalls the crowd sends my Master
Convey a clear message: That I must run faster!
So the tip of the whip takes its place in the race
And the hiss of its kiss makes me hasten my pace.

The finish line nears, then we reach it — first place!
The passions that filled me while making the chase
Reach climax at last and I moan at the rapture:
And I thank all the gods for the fact of my capture!



STILL KEEPING US POSTED Mrs. G.R. of Sweden always lets everyone know where she stands.



Dear Harmony:

We suspect that a lot of your readers have the same problem as we have: How to make bondage more realistic, more thrilling, more out of life and coming out of the situation. But there are a lot of things to think about first.

Bondage in public can be very dangerous. How do people react if they recognize something?

But these things also can bring some thrill, some erotic tension into bondage. To consider the pros and cons of all this and how to bring these into the game is the small path bondage people walk on.

Monika and I tried a lot of things to stay on this path, trying to hold all in our hands, trying to keep balance, trying not to leave the path.

But if you plan bondage, think about it, or talk about it the way you're going to do the next session, tension, thrill and spontaneity will decrease.

And here trust starts. The partners must know that they can trust each other. That they can give themselves into the hands of the other without fearing harm. It's difficult to build up this trust, it takes time and a lot of experience. Step by step you and your partner must learn how to plan a session, step by step you have to go a little bit

further and you have to know the limits of your partner, how far can you and how far will your partner go.

Reaching these limits is the finish, the top of all! Your partner knows that you reached the end, but is he going further on? Is he going to make this final step too far? To bring your "captive" into this position with no way out for him (or her) and hold him there for as long as possible is the art you have to learn. Not to make this final step too far is much more difficult! But if you don't do it, if you stop at the right point, trust is built up even more!

Monika and I played a lot of games this way. Unfortunately most of the games didn't allow photographs, so we had to make the photos afterwards to keep the memories.

Now I'm going to tell about a session at the very end of the path:

"How about a visit at the disco?" Monika asked me.

"Oh, fine! Make yourself ready, I'm going to get the car out."

As I returned my breath stopped! Monika had put on her petticoat (flared miniskirt) and black stretch-top. Her white high heels made her walk very sexy. The skirt swung with every step she took.

"You're not going like this?" I asked,

but she said yes!

When we entered the disco, soon all eyes were glued on her. We danced. Her free-swinging breasts danced to the rhythm of the music and so did the skirt. In this disco the dancing-floor's at a kind of platform, nearly one meter higher than the floor around. As we danced to the rim of the platform, I noted that a few visitors made comments about us. A little bit later, a young man came to our table and asked her to dance. We agreed and I watched them. I didn't believe my eyes! More or less by accident the skirt swung up during a fast turn and there I saw it! A little piece of naked thighs nearly flashed into my eyes! She wore garter-belt and stockings too. The color of my face must have changed into a red every tomato would be jealous of.

From time to time Monika had to replace her top because it moved down due to her movements. The young man got eyes like apples. I had to have a cigarette. Reaching into her bag my heart nearly stopped beating. Now I knew why she had taken that big bag with her. Ropes! Two great and two smaller coils of rope came into my view. She'd planned to make me horny and have a bondage session as a kind of penalty! Oh yes, my dear. You're going to have it. But I'd decide the time and place. But first I had to calm down. It was difficult for me not to show some reaction, but I managed it. We stayed there an hour more and had some more dances. Then we left.

"How about a little walk after all this? It's warm and some fresh air'll be fine," I said.

"Okay," she agreed. We drove back to our village, but not directly to our house. It was near midnight. I parked the car near the small wood outside the village and we started walking. After a way of about a hundred meters I suddenly grabbed her arms and forced them back.

"Hey, what kind of joke is that?!"

Monika fought without chance. I took some rope out of her bag, holding her wrists with one hand. Moments later her hands were tied behind her back.

During the fight her top had come down to bare her chest. Even in the darkness I could see her stiff nipples. Monika managed to replace it with her tied hands.

"Are you crazy? If someone comes and sees us . . ."

"At this time the chances are lower than 1000 to 1 that someone comes."

"What are you going to do now? Tie me up to a tree? Or even leave me here till someone finds me?"

"You know that I'd never do that, but you gave me an idea."

I forced Monika to a tree and tied her hands over her head to a bough. Next came a rope around her elbows and shoulders.

"Now, my love . . . It's your turn for a dance. It was you who wanted to dance!"

"But there's no music . . ."

"Okay, I'll get some." With this I turned and walked away.

"Hey!" she shouted, "Don't you dare leave me like this! Are you crazy?"

I told her to shout even a little bit louder, so someone may hear her and went on back to the car. I took time, I had a lot of it. The path we'd walked was big enough to drive on, so I entered the car and slowly drove back to her. The front lights illuminated a very sexy picture as I came nearer and nearer. Monika must have struggled a lot, because her top was down again. I switched off the lights, fearing that someone would see it and come here, wondering who's driving through the woods so late. I opened the window and turned on the radio.

"Here's the music," I said. "But I want to have a real show!"

I replaced the top, tied some rope round her ankles and knees and loosened the small cord that held her skirt around her hips.

"And now, my dear, let's dance! I'll keep you tied up like this 'til you manage to lose the skirt and top!"

"You bastard! How did you know about the ropes in my bag?"

"That's my secret. But what does it matter? I hope you don't want to be here the whole night!"

She knew that I wouldn't give in. She started struggling. Her hips rotated to the sound of the music. A very sexy dance started. Inch by inch her skirt slipped down, first revealing her naked belly over the garter-belt. Then came the belt, then her naked rear, and then, with a last rotation, the skirt fell down.

"If you don't hurry someone might come," I said.

Monika started dancing again, or should I say struggle? To make things come down faster she jumped a few times. Her breasts made movements I never expected being possible. What a wonderful sight! What a great show! Piece by piece the top slid down. After a short time the aureoles were reached and then came the nipples. Slowly,



very slowly, the top bared them. I can't describe the sight nor the feeling I had that moment. With a last final jump Monika bared her wonderful great breasts. Thank you, dear moon, that you shone so bright that night!

I walked to her. My hands reached for that soft and tender flesh. Monika moaned by my touch. I cupped her breasts, each in one hand and weighed them. They felt so warm and smooth, so heavy and sensitive at the same time, that I feared to squeeze them. But her moans told me that she liked it. My grip became harder. I saw her nipples becoming harder and harder. And she liked it.

My hands moved between her naked thighs. It was warm there, no, it was hot! Hot — and wet! I found the very point . . . slowly I began rubbing it. Monika's eyes were closed. Her breath got heavy. She loved it. My mouth found one nipple. Licking and sucking, I added it to her delight. She squirmed in her ropes. She wriggled and struggled and I fondled her.



Suddenly she became stiff and her breathing halted — I knew these signs — I knew that her climax was only moments away! She began whispering, "Don't stop, don't stop!" and I didn't. And then she came! I closed her mouth with one hand, but the other hand still rubbed her. She bit into my fingers and moaned and moaned. And after what seemed like an hour she went limp in her bonds. Only her breath, that made her breasts heave, told me she was okay.

I took away the rope from the bough, her knees and ankles, but left her hands tied. She entered the car. I drove the car as near to our front door as possible, opened our house and Monika ran into our place almost naked with her hands tied.

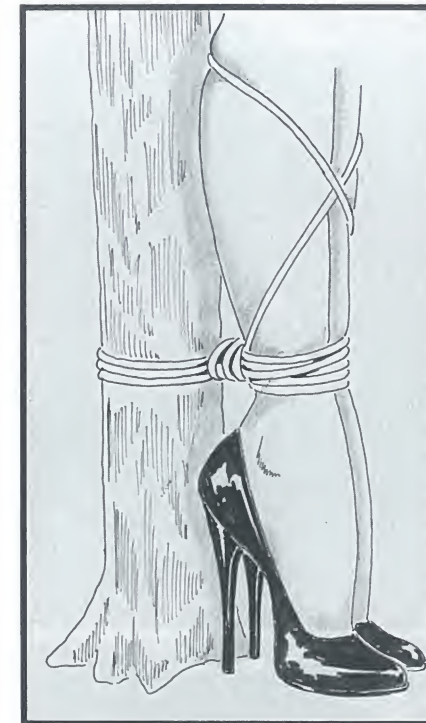
This night didn't stop with that, but that's another story!

To show you and your readers how Monika stood there that night, we took these pictures. Hope you like them!

Sincerely,

Olaf

By Harley



Dear Harmony,

People always think of bondage as being sado-masochism because of the dominance of that theme. I myself was convinced that I was "perverted" because I liked to think about women tied up. To an extent I can see their point also, because of the use of chains, genital restraints, leather masks and other stuff. I take no joy in discipline helmets or handcuffs or any of that jazz.

A discipline helmet covers up the woman's face so you can see no emotional reaction. Handcuffs are ugly because they add no element of escape to the wearer. To some that is a plus, but I like the suspense of "Will she escape, will she not?" If you lock someone up in chains and bolt them to a wall or whatever, they can't get away until you free them. To me, it makes a person seem more like a pet than a lover.

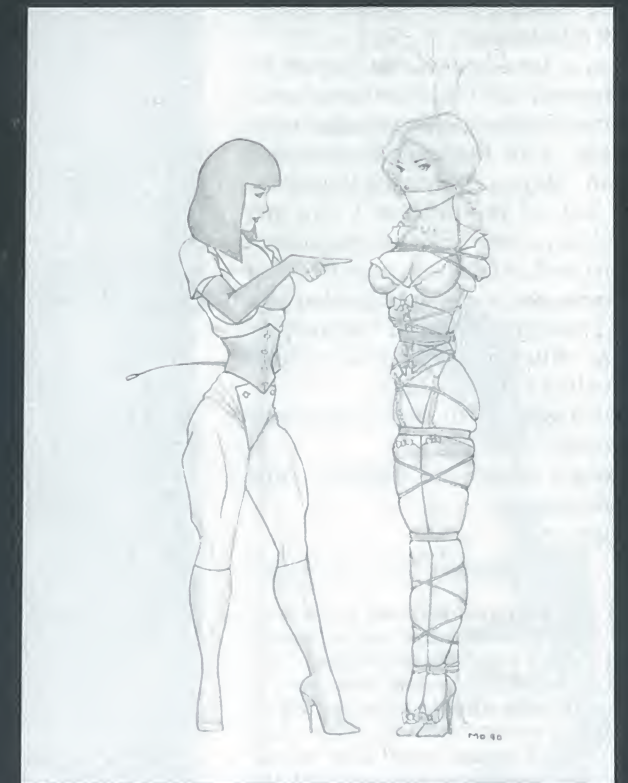
Maybe if we diffuse these items more, the label of S&M will pass.

Yours,

Saruman

HOMAGE TO JOHN WILLIE

By M.O.



Dear Kristine,

I would appreciate it very much if you would hear me out on a few gripes. I have been into bondage for around 40 years, been with Harmony since they started, and I feel that I'm a pretty good judge on these subjects.

Harmony is getting away from the way it was when they started. You can tell the difference with each new issue.

I know there are only so many ways you can tie a person up, and it gets boring after a while, but it's the model's face and eyes that make the difference, and also what they're wearing, and the main thing: are the ropes tight? It's easy to get some models, put some rope on them, call them tied up, take enough pictures for four pages or so, regardless of what they're wearing, *who cares, just hurry up, let's get out of here*, print them in the next magazine, and put a sexy cover on the magazine, it will sell, but who is getting cheated, we are, the people who enjoy this and make it work. I have been around enough to realize this.

When people write in and send pictures that are sexless, and ropes not tied tight, that's fine, but when selling magazines for the bondage people, I believe they want to see only tight ropes, and sexy clothes, especially high-heeled shoes.

The best bondage as of this time is Jay Edwards: very pretty models, sexy lingerie, heels, and tight neat ropes, no getting loose.

One other thing:

I am a firm believer in Bound for Controversy and I believe there should be more — especially stories of male bondage, with the man made into a woman. Maybe I am a little jealous, but I felt *all* the pictures I sent you should have been printed (one picture was printed in BL 42 on page 67). You had room for a *drawing* in that column. I thought Bound for Controversy was *our* column: men who like to dress up and like Love Bondage.

How about a Bound for Controversy magazine?

I would appreciate feedback from this letter.

Yours truly,

Bob ("Roberta")

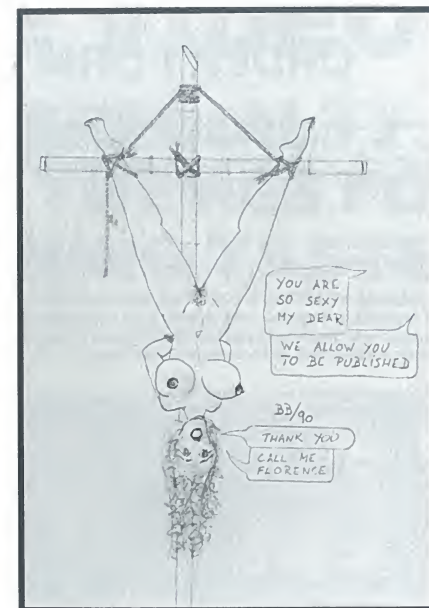
Since you've been with us for a long time, you'll recall that we've asked about a male bondage magazine in our surveys; feedback stated that most of our readership would not buy it. We do encourage constructive criticism. And if you aren't happy with most of our work, we hope you will support the work that you DO like (such as Jay Edwards'). — K.I.

BOUND AND BALLGAGGED — YET AGAIN Mr. and Mrs. S.C. know what we like to see!



A NEW FRIEND

Our Italian photographer "CLD" has a new model! Here's slender Irina, lolling about the bed in Love Bondage.



Dear Harmony,

I've been on your mailing list for just over five years and wanted to thank you for the great service you have given me.

I'm one reader who is glad that you ship your materials in those strong brown envelopes. Most of my collection consists of magazines which have been well protected in the mail by them.

Your monthly bulletins and brochures are always a welcomed sight. Their information on new videos and magazines have helped make my decisions on what to buy a snap.

When I do order something, it never fails to arrive within six days. Just like clock work, I know exactly when my order is coming and I've always admired you for that.

Thank you, Harmony.

D.C.
California



HARMONY FORUM

We've received letters on several other subjects, but readers have a few more things to say about the question raised in issue 41's Forum: The word "bondage" — to be, or not to be?

Regarding doing away with the word "bondage:" *ligoter* is French for "to bind," and *ligotage* means bondage. I suggest *ligotage* as a replacement, since it might even have connotations of connection and attachment, seeing as the root "liga-" appears in "ligament," which is connective tissue.

"Crown," New York



After reading Harmony Forum I decided I'd better get the old typewriter out and get my two cents worth in there. "Our meanings, Their meanings" echoes the position that I have held for many years.

I long ago eliminated the word "bondage" from my vocabulary because of the image that it creates in the mind of the person or persons to whom I am speaking. I have always thought that it sounds at the least crude, and at the most cruel. The negative impact of the word dates all the way back to the King James version of the Bible, when it was said that "God delivered his people out of BONDAGE in Egypt" — it follows that if God felt it necessary to deliver his people from this condition then it must be a pretty terrible thing. Now, that may seem a little far fetched, but if you think about it awhile that's probably the *first* place a good many people saw the word used, and that first impression never really goes away.

The word that I chose to replace bondage was "La Not." It's sort of a generic word pronounced with a

French tone. To me La Not is an art form and as such is totally acceptable to myself and, surprisingly, to most of the people to whom I speak about it. My definition of La Not is this: "An art form whereby one attempts to bind one's subject in a manner which serves to enhance the muscular/physical characteristics of that subject with the desired result being the creation of a living sculpture which exudes an aura of sexuality, grace, power, and motion, frozen for a moment in time which may then be captured on canvas or film and preserved."

One only need compare the work of a true master such as Jay Edwards to agree that bondage is in fact an art form that requires great attention to detail, an eye for beauty, and the ability to encircle the model in such a manner to as the enhance the model's best physical characteristics while creating the desired mood. Add to this the necessity of selecting the proper color scheme and backdrop, not to mention photographic skill, and I think any reasonable person will conclude that this work requires a great amount of talent and natural ability. But although we may consider what we do as art, the mainstream will never accept it as such, as long as we continue to call it BONDAGE.

As I have said, La Not, which by the way is the words Love and Knots shortened, is the word I have chosen, but I don't really think that it matters much what you call it as long as we divorce ourselves as far as possible from words such as bondage. Our group has among its numbers a great

many creative minds. Surely if we put our heads together we can come up with an alternative which will further our emotional need for acceptance.

Love and Knots to all —

Bill L., Ohio



You catch more flies with honey than vinegar. Shakespeare says "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Bondage by another [name] would still be as exciting, as fun as it is now, but have you ever thought that perhaps we're scaring off the sensible, reasonable, cautious, practical ones by using a word with negative connotations? I NEVER USE THE WORD "BONDAGE" to anyone who's not already involved in the activity.

Now consider the concept of "Loving Restraint." No negative connotations at all. No one puts down Love, even some of the greatest haters in the world. And everybody's for Restraint — judicial restraint, legislative restraint, revenue enhancement restraint, you name it . . .

"Loving Restraint" sounds less ominous than "bondage." Changing the terminology to something less offensive to a large segment of the population is a concept that should be given serious consideration.

It does have drawbacks, though, particularly for Harmony. Will they have to call their magazine *Erotic Restraint Life*? Somehow that doesn't have the same euphony.

Rick D., Maryland

Send your double-spaced letters to:
Harmony Forum • P.O. Box 69976
Los Angeles, Ca. 90069 U.S.A.

Change the word "bondage" so it would be more socially acceptable? One need look no further than Shakespeare to answer that question — "What is in a name?" You can call it whatever you like, but it still comes down to tying someone up. To those people who are not turned-on emotionally by this act, it is irrelevant what you call it.

While I understand the need for each issue of *Bondage Life* to devote a full page to the Harmony Philosophy, I also resent it. I resent a magazine de-

icated to a part of my lifestyle having to disclaim that we are not psycho-social misfits.

Call bondage what you like, but the key to Harmony's success is the By The People section. The letters from

people in all parts of the world and all walks of life are eloquent testimonies to the "normality" of a bondage lifestyle.

J.R., Texas

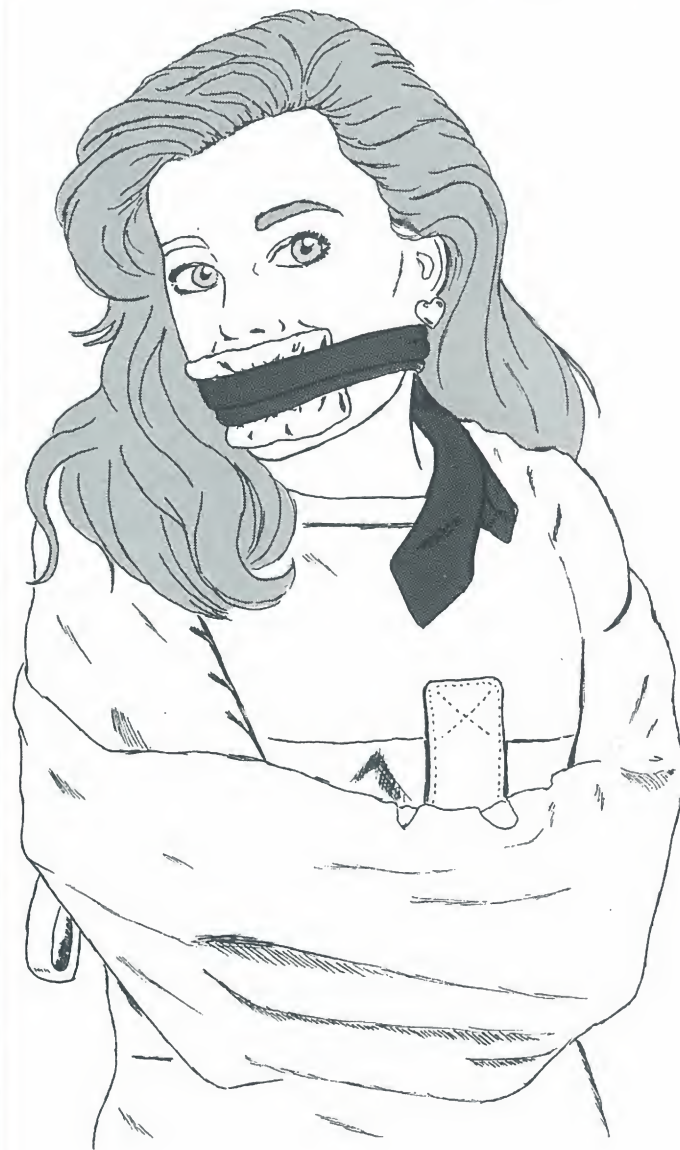


ALL WRAPPED UP FOR X-MAS:

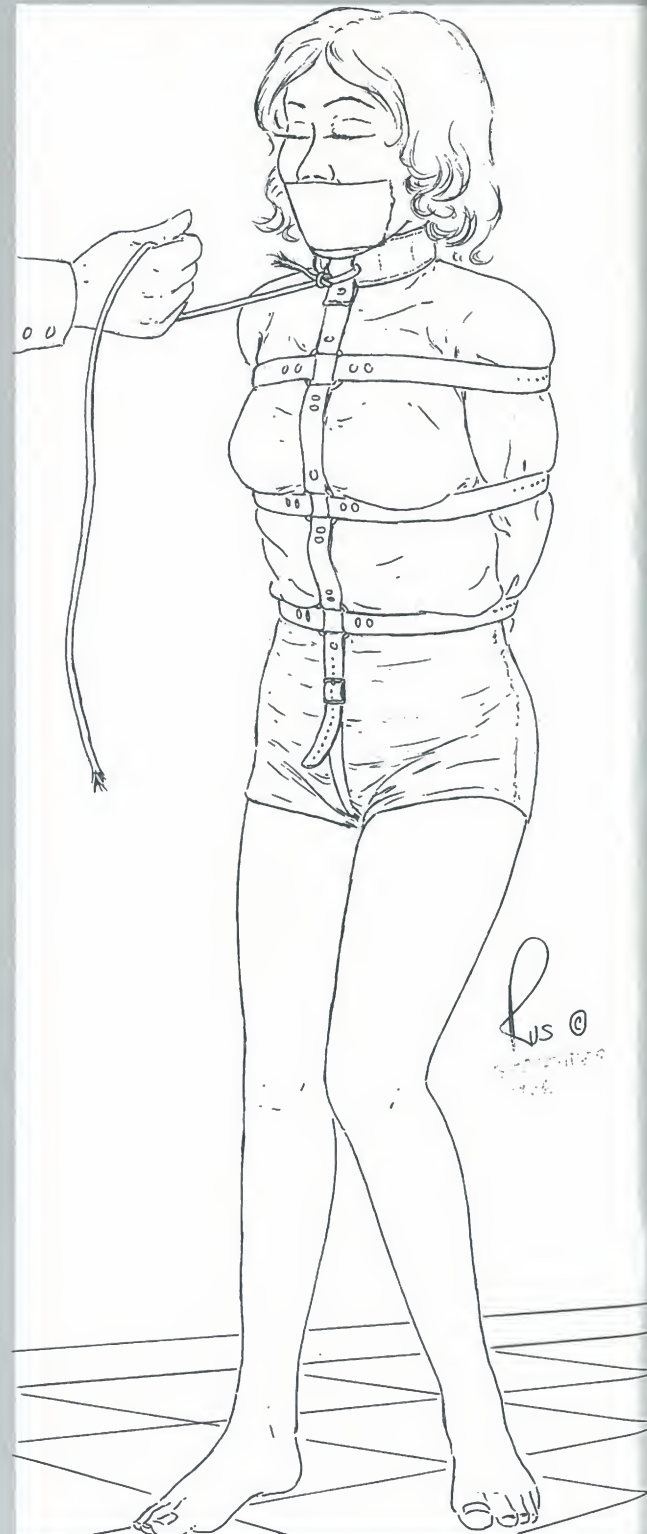
STRAITJACKET ART

By Coco, Rus, and Tantalus

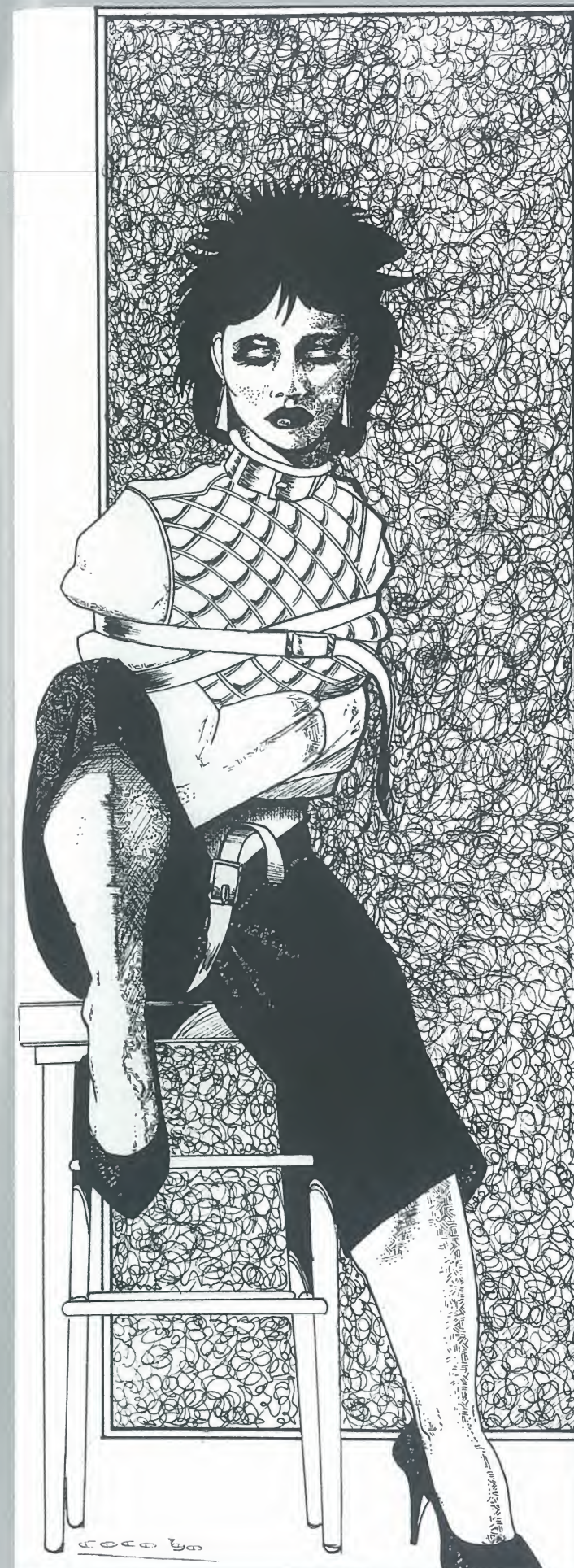
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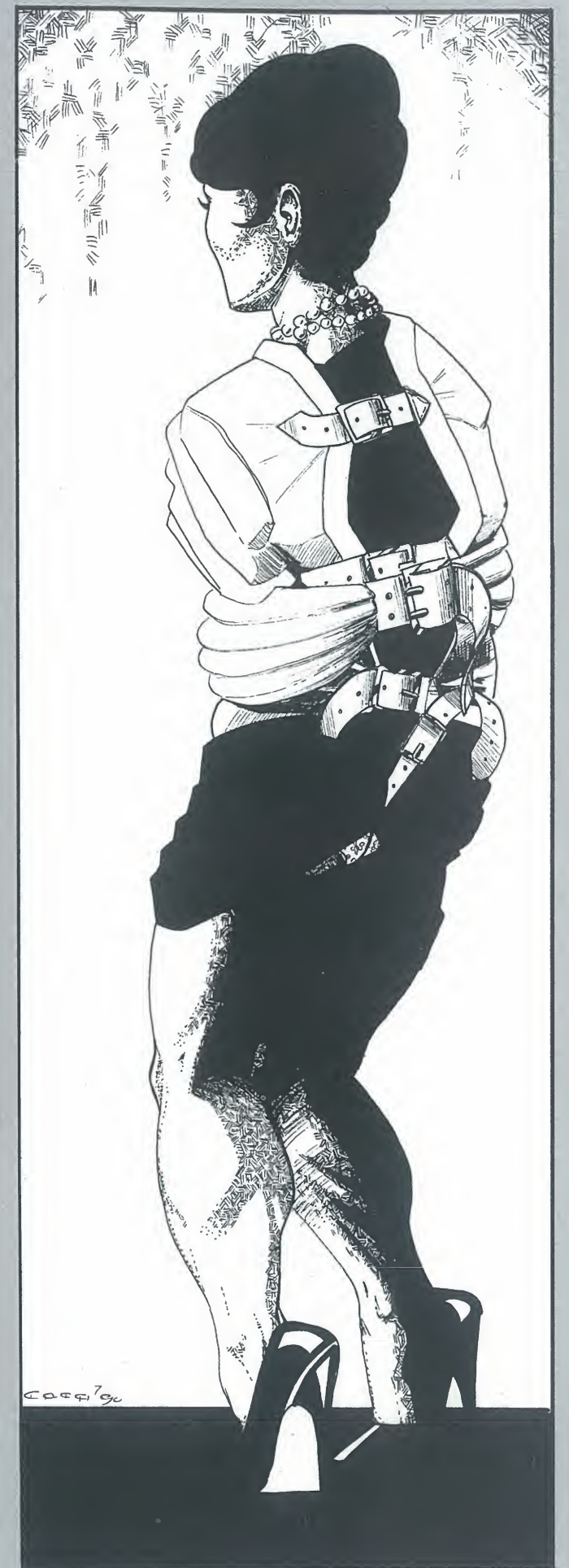
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COCO 79



COCO 79

bondage life

